

THE
MIRROR MAGAZINE.

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A PLEA FOR PRIVILEGE.

"To live by one man's will is the cause of many men's misery."—Hooker.

"There is no state where one alone bears sway."—Sophocles.

ON the principle *audi alteram partem* we give insertion to the plea of privilege, the wail of injured innocence, the language of hereditary wisdom stripped of periphrasis, and reduced to the simple element of its true meaning. Hobbes maintains, in opposition to Hooker, that to live by one man's will is the only means of all men's happiness. Mackintosh terms this a daring paradox, but it is a sentiment dear to the heart of power. Our peelings venture a slight alteration; they assert that to live under the rule of a few men, or an oligarchy, is the millenium of human happiness. Unhappily, however, for them, the world, like the chrysalis, is no longer content to lie cramped in the unsightly shell. It is bursting from confinement; it feels that it has wings, and will use them, leaving the forsaken husk of privilege to rot and be trodden under foot by the advancing enlightenment of the age. But let us hear what the trembling peer would say in defence of his privileges. The lords are shrieking in dismal wail over their decaying fortunes. They croaked in triumph, like vultures over a fallen horse, so long as they could in safety drive their talons into the flank of their prey, and with their hideous beaks pick out its flesh. But when it has recovered footing, shaken them off, and is again on the way, their lugubrious howl, like the yell of a scared wolf, rises as a pean of triumph for justice and liberty. Here is the plea of privilege:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE MIRROR.'"

"In addressing you, Mr. Editor, in reply to various violent and unjust assaults of yours upon the strongholds of privilege, do not believe that I stand forward the conscious advocate of injustice

"We, the peers of the imperial legislature, exercise no more than our rights. The exalted wisdom of our forefathers accorded us the power which we now hold, secured us the wealth we now enjoy, gave us the immunities we now delight in, and the honours which lift us into the esteem of mankind. And I, for my part, maintain that our progenitors of so many centuries ago were very wise men, infinitely wiser than the present generation, which begins to hold in contempt those glorious monuments of the country's fame, titles, distinctions, and a brilliant aristocracy with unbounded wealth. You may rely upon it that in these things depend the safety and honour of the nation. Without them you would become a vulgar people, positively mad with the love of money, bitten with the ideas of equality, and insolent through independence. You would become dangerous to all the powers of the Continent. Poor people would get notions of comfort into their heads, than which nothing can be more effeminate. We should have no more humble Christians. Every

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labourer could be thinking of a neat cottage and fat children, so that humility and that beautiful endurance of suffering which is now so edifying would altogether disappear. Lamentable consummation!

"Do you contend that the blue blood of a peer should be no more respected than the black liquid life-stream of a peasant? Do you presume to maintain that the essence of heavenly purity which circulates in the veins of my Lord of Richmond or my Lord Stanley, like a crystal stream through a marble channel, is not infinitely more precious than the muddy current which creeps about the body of an untitled fellow, like the sluggish tide of filth which rolls its impure volume through the common sewer? You had better, if you think so, correct your error. There is, however, little hope of that; vulgar persons are so apt to stick to their ideas—which I would beat out of their brains, and failing in that, would beat out the brains themselves, as the glorious auto-crats of Europe would do. I only wish we had the illustrious Nicholas, the amiable Charles Joseph, or the still more amiable and illustrious Ferdinand to rule in England. They would gag you, Mr. Editor; they would teach you to mend your manners and mind your language; they would show you that to attack peerdom and principedom is sacrilege; that you and your fellow reformers are upstart *canaille*, not fit to breathe the same air with us who are the hereditary lords of creation.

"Even my noble friend, the President of France—who is not very able, but in whom severity makes up for talent—even he, I say, would quickly silence your riotous declamation. Under his rule you would repent your impiety in a dirty dungeon, with a huge debt in shape of penalty on your back. You might then learn to respect the divinity of privilege; you would then see that peers are not to be trifled with; you would then be taught to behave with proper deference to us, who are your betters—who manage your affairs—who condescend to take your money—and who, not satisfied with tenderly watching your interests and the glory of the country, often sit talking for ten minutes, and on some occasions for five hours, that you may benefit by the brilliant glow of hereditary wisdom.

"You thankless scribes!—you, who would abolish privilege, who would destroy that fair structure of hereditary wisdom which has grown grey in your service, you who would demolish the fabric bequeathed to you by your sage ancestors—what do you expect to accomplish? Do you imagine we shall yield to your clamorous demands?—do you think we shall concede one inch of privilege? If so, you are mistaken. We laugh at you; we stand intrenched behind ramparts of parchment, more firm than adamantine bulwarks; behind lofty walls of prejudice, more impregnable than buttresses of stone. Nor are we destitute of offensive weapons; along the whole line of our defences, and upon every tower, we have ordnance planted; we have gold, sir—gold, with which it is our care that you shall supply us. With that we charge what you in your blindness term the engines of public opinion, but which we call the artillery of privilege. It is gold which collects the *materiel* for the war, which supports the battering train, which pays the gunners, which supplies the ammunition, and applies the fiery match. It is a very explosive substance, and scatters deadly volleys among your ranks. And it will continue to do so, in spite of your exertions, your lavishment of contumely, of affected scorn, and assumed contempt.

"Mr. Editor, we defy the fulminations of such as you. We stand in no fear of the outcry which now from the mob of all England is raised against us. Impute not, therefore, our irritation to fear. We, in fact, pity you—pity the people that they are so deluded that they cannot appreciate the blessings of an aristocracy like that of England, with such constellations of burning brilliance as Galloway, Harrowby, Brougham, and the Bishop of Exeter.*

* This Bishop, or Harry of Exeter—or Potts, as he is more familiarly termed—is a beautiful specimen of the House of Lords.—*Editor*. So is Harrowby, the small beer man.

"You cannot suppose that we fear you. If we desire to stop your clamour it is of course not from any feeling of apprehension. Still it were more agreeable if the loud chorus were suppressed. If we could fine, imprison, hang, or even torture a few individuals such as you, sir, and, taking a leaf from the book of our royal friend of Austria, flog some of your fair sympathisers, it would be an advantage to the country, a triumph for privilege, and a benefit to mankind. You are as the worms we tread upon; we do not fear the creatures, but thrust them out of the way, because they are offensive to our sight.

"I shall so far condescend as to answer a few of your objections to privilege, and I beg you, if your prejudiced ears be open to the truth, to regard what I say:—

"First, then, with respect to the law of primogeniture. Your remarks on it are so utterly silly that I should not deign to notice them were it not that some of your readers, as contemptible as yourself, may be deluded by them. Do not mistake; I deny not the facts you mention. Not at all; they are all true; but what I protest against is your impertinence in alluding to them. They are facts, and shall remain facts. We do possess the privileges you enumerate—we do enjoy the immunities you notice, the sinecures you censure, and the power of swaying the votes of electors which you reprobate. But these are our rights; they have come down to us from the times which you call dark ages, but which we regard with reverential memory, because then nobility had its birth.

"Have you a title, that you venture to remark on these things? Or are you one of these upstart commoners who, having crammed their heads with knowledge, fancy they may dictate to the lords of the realm? Reason is a fine thing, but, like law and taxation, should never interfere with peers. Act upon it as you please in your own sphere, but apply it to the privileges of the hereditary House and you shall see how cheap we hold it.

"Well, the law of primogeniture. What is it? Simply this: that a peer dying must bequeath all his estates to his eldest son.

"Now, I am a peer.

"I have large landed estates.

"I have an eldest son.

"I have five younger sons.

"And I have three daughters.

"For myself, I will so far condescend as to afford you a glimpse of the services which I render to the state. We—that is, my fellow peers and I—meet most nights during the session to discuss the affairs of the empire. We have a house which cost vast sums of money, and is quite an ornament to the Metropolis. We make a sitting. My friend Harrowby says something about small beer; Beaumont informs Brougham that he is a liar; Brougham retorts and expresses his contempt for Beaumont; Galloway with sound and fury lashes the reporters; Mountcashel expresses his opinion that Aberdeen is a fool; Aberdeen thinks the noble lord in error—isn't quite sure—opinion of the House divided upon the point; Richmond curses free-trade; Stanley howls over agricultural distress, and forthwith a dismal chorus of shrieks fills the vast hall of hereditary wisdom, like the lamenting cries of the spirits on the shores of the Stygian lake. I seldom do anything but ask for papers and present petitions.

"Very comic scenes are often enacted in that house, but they are like genial smiles on a serious face. For instance, when Harrowby comes bending under the weight of petitions about beer—when he is always sighing over the consumption of malt liquor—when he bemoans so piteously the popular taste for porter, we laugh at him, but think him very amiable. When Brougham, too, trembles at the name of the French Republic, and shivers at the mention of Mazzini—when he scatters vituperation about him, and employs the terms of 'thieves,' 'liars,' 'scoundrels,' so profoundly, we are very much amused. When

Aberdeen sings his dirge over the triumphs of Palmerston, we smile; sometimes, too, he asks Lansdowne for information, and Lansdowne bids him wait till he get it, which excites our risible nerves. Great Oxford, also, with Ellenborough, of Indian fame, supplies much comedy, which, considering that all poor people can't afford to pay to see Christmas pantomimes, is an illustration of the benignity of peers, who consent gratuitously to enact little farces for the public benefit.*

"But my eldest son? He is now twenty-eight years of age, fitting himself for the peerage, and praying earnestly for his father's death. The idea is not an agreeable one, but the wish is excusable. I prayed for my father's death. My son can ride like a jockey, can shoot like a trapper, can swear like a trooper, knows the retreats of pleasure better than a detective policeman, and is, moreover, practised in all the delightful amusements which your envious malignity calls profligacy, but which is, in reality, the proper beginning of life. My son is a remarkable case in point, whose example may be urged when you preach your rubbish about hereditary power. He was sent to school, in accordance with established prejudices—which even peers in their urbanity will observe—but never troubled himself to learn. He knew that it was his father's death, not knowledge, which would place him in the imperial legislature; he resolved to keep his head quite clear that he might be the better able to fulfil his lofty mission.

"So he was shy of learning, lest it might impair his intellect. In this respect, faithfully following his father's example, he is a worthy specimen of a peer apparent, for I flatter myself I may be taken as the type of the House. Some few of its members there are who have studied deeply, buried their noses in the dust of history, philosophy, and metaphysics. They are useful men. We encourage them, because they apply their talents to uphold the structure you seek to overthrow, to perpetuate the privileges which you term frauds, to preserve the power which you call injustice, and to keep down the dirty rabble whom you designate the nation, the sovereign people, the equals of peers and princes.

"Some, but happily very few, there are who have become possessed by the vulgar notion that to legislate it is necessary to undergo that process of study which is only requisite for the ignoble minds of commoners. These men ever rave in a puritanical manner about the rights of the people, about the glories of the Sicilian insurrection, and so forth, with all that cant which such individuals as you, sir, employ in a manner so pitiful. But though among us, they are not of us, and it remains to be seen whether these few vulgar common-sense men will withstand the gibes of an army of peers, whose wisdom has flowed in an uncorrupted and ever-widening stream, from a source far beyond the reign of Bloody Mary.

"My son, as it is the fashion, went to college. There he pelted the professors with loaves, wrote some very clever and comical paraphrases of the Bible, rowed on the river, drank deeply on shore, fought in the town-and-gown fights, was introduced to some very gay society, and, for his father's honour, spent large sums of money. This, however, was nothing to me. Ministers tacked on one or two additional places to my list, by which means the expense was defrayed. Corn-laws were in operation then, too. My son is now in Paris, revelling in all the delicious gaieties of that metropolis, and though a little enervated by his profuseness in pleasure, relies on future temperance to restore him.

"Now your vulgar comprehension (muddled, of course, by researches into politics, into history, and the principles of philosophy and logic) may not be

* Their lordships are very kind; but we would dispense with them. House met at five o'clock. Harrowby presented petition on beer. Brougham gave notice of question about Italy, and took the opportunity of saying that Bem was a scoundrel. Aberdeen thought so too. Lansdowne knew nothing about the matter. Monteagle gives notice of a motion. Salisbury is anxious for dinner, and thinks there is nothing to be done. Lords agree with him. House adjourns.—*Editor's note.*

able to understand it, but it is nevertheless true, that when I die that young man will become a new being. The House of Lords exercises a vast influence on the welfare of the nation. You may conceive, perhaps, what attributes a man should possess to fit him for a seat there, since the destinies of the country are in part committed to his charge,

"You will scarcely believe it, but the mere act of the breath leaving my body will transmute my son—who is at present what I call a *noble, free-hearted young man*, and which you conceive to mean a reckless, ignorant, idle profligate—into a grave and calm senator, with knowledge, ability, wisdom, and all the multiplied dignities which attach to his exalted station. He will understand the theories of philosophy, the principles of politics, the rules of government, the facts of history, the condition of the world, the dogmas of justice, the elements of religion, all by happy intuition. He will in one moment, in a word, be prepared by the simple process of my dissolution to take part in debates on the affairs of the empire.

"Herein consists one of the chief elements of distinction between peers and common people. The commoner studies deeply, anxiously, and for a long period before he can ever attain a mediocre position as a statesman; the peer reaches the highest elevation of dignity, power, and privilege—and, of course, wisdom, if he will it—without the dedication of one solitary hour of his life to reflection, to learning, or any search into the mysteries of knowledge. By a piece of parchment sent to him, the commoner may at once be elevated to this lofty range of privilege. The parchment writes him noble, and confers on him at the same time all the proper attributes of nobility. The process is indeed marvellous!

"I heard it once remarked that the state might be compared to a vessel. I thought the observation very original; but when it was applied, withdrew my approbation.

"The speaker, a stranger—but who was, as I thought, a young peer—said: 'Suppose the country were a large vessel, freighted with a precious cargo, and manned with a vast crew, which is guided in her passage by a set of experienced pilots, all with children. Well, suppose this, and suppose also that while those men lived, their sons were strolling about idly on the deck, running up the shrouds, or drinking grog in the gun-room, never casting an eye either on chart or compass; never giving a thought to seamanship. They are *noble, free-hearted young fellows*; but their fathers, who have been chosen for their ability, knowledge, and devotion, die; they are called upon, each in his turn, to steer the vessel. Some of them, indeed, are sheer idiots; one or two are of moderate capacities; and the rest are reckless and selfish adventurers; but the office is hereditary, and they must take it, since it involves high honours and emoluments. It has duties also, but it is left to their option to neglect or attempt to fulfil them. Would you expect,' continued the stranger, 'to see that ship safely to port?'

"It is one of the attributes of a peer that he is exceedingly cautious in arriving at the meaning of anything. His genius usually leads him to make two or three unsuccessful attempts before attaining the right result. I did not see the drift of the question.

"'Certainly not,' I replied; 'I could almost swear that the ship instead of being piloted safely on her voyage would run upon shoals, drive among breakers, be carried out of her course, lose her masts, and finally be wrecked, with the loss of her cargo and the destruction of her crew.'

"'Unless,' interposed my interrogator,—'unless the crew rose in mutiny, summoned the useless and dangerous pilots to leave the helm, and at their refusal, cast them overboard?'

"'Indeed,' I replied, 'such a result would be natural. The safe arrival of the ship would be a miracle—to imagine that the young fellows, merely through the hereditary nature of their office would be able to fulfil it honourably would be perille.'

" 'Now I have you,' said the stranger. 'The vessel is England; the helmsmen are her legislators, who, for ability, or services rendered to the court, have been elected to the peerage. They guide her on perhaps safely through rocks and storms, but they die; their sons, confident in their hereditary right, succeed them. Half of them may be fools; a fourth of their number may be ignoramuses; and the rest may be dishonest and selfish profligates. Still, as things are, their power remains; we must trust the vessel of the state to their guidance; they are hereditary.'

"I at once saw that the individual was no peer. None but a commoner could have been so grossly ignorant. He expected me to be embarrassed, but I replied, 'You did not say the young fellows were peers.'

" 'Are peers, then, different from other men?'

"This is the question which ignorance has ever put. Peers are different. They know by intuition what other men learn by deep study; an idiot peer can legislate more wisely than the soundest commoner. Had it been otherwise, our ancestors, who knew well how to gag the mouths of malcontents like yourself, would not have conferred upon them their hereditary power. My eldest son will succeed to my title, my estate, my seat in the legislature, my parchments, my privileges, and, as a matter of course, to my wisdom also. He is destined by birth to be a Solon. Untrammelled with the chains of learning, with which commoners seek to supply the want of original genius, he will bring the native power of his mind to bear upon affairs to manage which low people are compelled, as I have said, to cram their understandings with the refuse of past ages, history, musty philosophy, and puritanical notions of morality.

"But my other children? It is remarkable how we dispose of them, so that they may not annoy the country. One is an officer of the guards, with very good pay, and an allowance from me, and perquisites. He also holds a palace appointment, which is almost the only thing which he does hold that has any duties attached to it. In consideration of a salary, not so very ample, he is compelled to dine with Her Majesty four times a-year.

"Another is the captain of a ship of the line, who evinces his ingenuity by the mass of pickings which he gleans from the sum allowed for ship-equipments and clothes for the marines and sailors. He affords the coast-dwellers the gratuitous spectacles of races at sea, with a few collisions, crashes, and boats upset. His vessel is well known, fires royal salutes, mans yards, gets out of harbour and in again, and is quite a model for shipwrights to practise upon.

"Another holds a few appointments, which if I were to enumerate them, you would not recollect, since they have nothing to do with the vulgar public. Singly, they are not of much value, but as my Lord Carlisle out of his twenty-two or three places makes a handsome income in addition to his private property, so my fourth son out of his five or six gentlemanly sinecures keeps out of debt.

"In the same manner, indeed, all my younger sons are honourably provided for. In fact, this is the rule. My brothers are flag admirals, admirals of the red and of the blue, commissioners and lord wardens, court and palace pensioners, and colonial governors; all my relatives, indeed, consent for very trifling considerations to move as lesser stars in the courtly and aristocratic galaxy, filling the dignities of the state, military, naval, and judicial, political, and religious, never soiling their hands or their minds with ignoble occupation or thought; but preserving themselves free from all taint of labour, either of mind or body, moving in a celestial atmosphere of luxury, calm ease, and grandeur, which is infinitely edifying to contemplate.

You, in the bluntness of your comprehension, cannot understand this; nor is it to be expected you should. Peers know what is right for peers, and low people what is good for low people. It is a proper example of your miserable logic when you protest that the multitude, the mud-snuffing swine, who with their dirty hands or pedantic minds support this dazzling splendour, were not created for this very purpose.

"Do you think that the pauper who has worked for us while his strength remained, is not, when his endurance fails, treated with infinite kindness by being allowed to go into a workhouse, where water and porridge are given to him for nothing, and where his spiritual wants are looked to with paternal care? For my part, I have my doubts whether the lazy wretches ought not to have their throats cut, just as old dogs, worn-out mill-horses, and superannuated cows are slaughtered when useless. My friend Mountcashel made, I think, a very sensible proposition, when he said that three potatoes per diem (hard and cold, of course) would be the proper workhouse diet. He is much to be commended for his boldness and originality; and to show, too, that it is not from any contempt of the gifts of Providence that he advocates this system, but merely from a feeling for the pauper, he eats like a boa constrictor himself, and drinks Tokay like a thirsty fish. Did he do otherwise, I should call his proposal the visions of an ascetic brain.

"My daughters being of course brought up amid splendour have learned proper notions. One is already married to a colonel with a title, who holds a palace appointment, and derives a large income from a plan he pursues of buying inferior clothes for the soldiers of his regiment, and appropriating the residue. He thus inculcates economical notions in the men, preserves the honour of his family, saves the country the expense of another sinecure, and makes his wife happy. My two younger daughters will, in due time, contract similar unions, and their husbands, far from attempting to take possession of any offices which may lessen the field of industry, any posts whose duties are arduous and may be fulfilled by commoners, will be quite content to forego them, to hold one or two handsome sinecures; stipulating that they may poke two or three poor cousins into consulships, and a tribe of small distant relatives and dependents into holes about the Court, to be yeomen of the mouth, gentlemen candle-snuffers, gentlemen coal-carriers, gentlemen jockeys, gold and silver sticks in waiting, train-bearers, and aristocratic lamplighters.

"The members of the oligarchy, sir, are the grand jewels which shed lustre on the national name. Their connections are the lesser gems which sparkle in the diadem of England. The country may be compared to a lofty mountain, of which the base is formed of the masses of the people. It is here green and fertile, clothed with harvests and vineyards, and everything of that kind, and thickly sprinkled also with graves, whilst the snowy pinnacle which rears its top in icy grandeur far above is the aristocracy, which graciously receives all, but gives none—which enjoys light and warmth but disdains to yield return. Now, would you melt the eternal snows on the mountain top that they might flow down its sides, with the base idea of adding fresh fertility to the cultivated slopes, or refreshing the exhausted fields? Mean, ignoble mind! which cannot soar above the theories of utility and common sense!

"You have doubtless been encouraged in your abominable impiety by the revolutions on the Continent; but with such noble men as Nicholas, Ferdinand, Charles Joseph, and Louis Napoleon, did you expect success? With such instruments as Rudiger, Haynau, Jellachich, Welden, Radetzki, Oudinot, and Thiers, did you imagine that the powers of Europe would not suppress rebellion? If you did, you have found your mistake. Rudiger can desolate, Haynau can hang, Jellachich can shoot, Welden can cut throats, Radetzki can scourge, Oudinot can slaughter, and Thiers can smile complacently on all the hideous butchery. How must my lamented friend Louis Philippe bemoan himself that he, too, cannot partake of the sweet feast; how must the dear confidant of Lord Aberdeen, poor Metternich, regret that it is not his pen which signs the death-warrants; how must Guizot bewail his hard fate that he cannot assist in shackling France with new well-forged fetters. I can fancy the aged king and the two ministers* gazing with melancholy eyes upon the Continent, with their hearts weighed down with sorrow, because their day has gone by, because they are no more privileged, and cannot hope to revel in the bloody game.

* *Arcades ambo: id. est.—Vide "Don Juan."—Editor.*

"In one spot the ruins of a vast city smoke before them. Time-honoured buildings, gray with the hoar of antiquity, desolate houses, shelterless families, streets reeking with blood, and numberless orphans and widows meet the eye. In another direction prisons full of patriots delight the vision of authority; in another, wide plains with trampled-down harvests, smoking towns and villages, battle plains, where

— 'The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover; heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent'—

in another an old man is kneeling in a ditch with his eyes bound and his arms tied, awaiting the volley which shall make a family desolate; in another the rope, the bullet, and the axe ply their ferocious work with unceasing vindictiveness; in another, young girls, with naked backs, writhe under the lash of Radetzki; in another, women are scourged in Hungary by Haynau, and in Vienna by order of Charles Joseph. Everywhere pillage, massacre, rapine, and infamies worse than murder or plunder are being perpetrated; but alas! Louis Philippe, Metternich, and Guizot must look on and not participate.

"Such would doubtless be your view of things; but for my part, I, in common with most of my compeers, rejoice at the holy spectacle. We think, and very properly, that if people will interfere in matters of government they must be punished; and it gladdens our hearts to observe how vigorous and decided kings and their assistants are in this business. With regard to the flogging of women, I consider it very right; women have no business to interfere in such matters, and if a lady will express her disapprobation of her emperor's shooting her husband, she deserves forthwith to be carted through the streets and flogged. Also, if an imprudent young creature releases her brother from prison, I think that Haynau acts very properly in lashing her first, and hanging her next; and Radetzki, I am very glad to see, thinks so too. He caught two young girls, whose crime was very atrocious—namely, they had been mixed up in the defence of a beleaguered city; he forthwith condemns them to be beaten on their bared shoulders with sticks, and I trust this will prove a warning to them. You, of course, in your morbid sentimentality, profess sympathy with such people; but I have an utter contempt for such feelings, and trust that if ever Haynau and Radetzki honour us with a visit, my fellow peers will give them a dinner, presided at by my Lord Brougham, who is bound to them by the most cordial ties of sympathy.

"I trust, Mr. Editor, that this explanation of mine—this reproof, this condescension, will not be lost upon you. Your pernicious doctrines have, I perceive, spread far and wide through the inferior classes of the community, the *canaille*, who are always ready to yield up the glories of an hereditary house, through paltry considerations of self-advantage. They argue in this fashion: they say, 'It is not wise to withdraw from the cultivation of the earth resources which, applied to aristocratic purposes, construct a glittering pile of tinsel frippery, very shining, very pretty, but very useless!' Useless! That word is always in the mouths of vulgar people. They think if a thing is of *no use*, it should not be preserved; but the House of Lords is the mainstay of the country, the chief repository of its honour, the fountain of its glory. Its wisdom is hereditary, its worth is incalculable, and its members are the pride of creation. Reflect upon this, Mr. Editor, and let us hear no more on the subject.

"I am, sir, and I shall remain,

"A PEER."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our peer, is not, we must say, the type of the House, which is not in all its members like him; but he is the type of very many hereditaries.

ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH REPUBLICAN.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK II.—ST. MERY.

CHAPTER X.—THE COMBAT.

MEANWHILE in high places there was terror and alarm at what was going on. Louis Philippe, who considered himself in a much more difficult position than was Charles X., in 1830, proposed to fly from Paris, in which case all would have been over. But his ministers and generals gave him courage. They knew a way of conquering the insurrection, the only one which could have in any way stopped it, and this was by trickery—a worthy aim for such men and such a master. They knew that the troops were unwilling to fight the people. French soldiers hate fighting against the populace. But they will always fight if the National Guard are with them in force; they consider the National Guard as their own people, and their enemies then a mere mob.

But the National Guard did not turn out, despite all the drumming and all the repeated beatings of the *generale* and *rappel*, and this made the troops more than hesitate.

Then the Government set afloat the report that the insurrection was an insurrection of *sans-culottes*, who had hoisted the flag of 1793.

"The guillotine is ready," whispered one agent of the Paris police.

"A hundred thousand heads!"

"Blood will flow like water," said a third, shaking his head, and looking woeful.

"Rape."

"Pillage."

"This is the kind of liberty they want," put in another.

And then a man with a red flag, cap of liberty, and of sinister aspect, who had paraded the streets in the morning, was described to the people.

This decided the National Guard; they turned out *en masse*.

The police then rejoiced heartily at their clever trick of the morning.

When the troops saw that the National Guard appeared in the streets, they felt it was an *émeute*, not a revolution, and they marched to the attack of the barricades with energy. At six in the evening, after a bloody fight, they took the Place des Victoires.

Near the Hotel Dieu a barricade was held by seventeen Republicans. The National Guard marched to the attack, backed by the line; the fight was terrible and bloody; twice the National Guard were driven back with severe loss. The line brought them twice back to the charge, and at last the barricade was taken. All the Republicans had been wounded in the conflict, but none were dead. The National Guard sprang at them like tigers, and though they had surrendered for want of powder, killed fifteen on the spot in cold blood. Two fled, but were chased by their humane fellow-countrymen, and shot like dogs. Still the combat continued warmly, and the Government, despite its force, grew more and more alarmed.

Then another trick was thought of by the clever Paris police. They sent round other agents to say that it had been discovered the insurrection was Carlist and Bourbonnean. At this intelligence thousands of French National

Guard turned out, even many who had fought in 1830. Still the struggle continued.

Victor, Theodore, Gonfran, and their companions remained for some time in peace, the National Guard and line being elsewhere occupied. Their time was chiefly spent in preparing for the combat.

CHAPTER XI.—THE INTERIOR OF THE BARRICADE.

THE space occupied by the Republicans in the Rue St. Martin between the two barricades was small, but it sufficed for the eighty men who were there to defend it.

On the summit of each barricade stood a sentry, whose duty it was to warn the rest of the arrival of any enemy.

Victor, Theodore, Gonfran, and C—— were seated in a group, smoking; the other men lay about either drinking or smoking also. Everything had been done which could be done; the mattresses had been placed against the windows, a barrel of powder had been brought down from the garret of a young man named Paul, and opened in the street.

"Eighty men to resist all the troops of the monarchy," said Victor, "for I hear no guns elsewhere."

"But our not being attacked shows that the soldiery are elsewhere better engaged."

"So much the better," replied Victor, "we are now ready for them, and can hold as long as ammunition and powder last. If before they be expended Paris does not rise *en masse*, our devotion is useless, and we have fought for nothing."

"I feel satisfied," said C——, "that Paris will not rise. Again I urge that 1830 is too near us. We French never follow up a fight except in rare instances."

C—— had not seen then the June insurrection.

"Well, well," said Victor, "all we can do is our duty. How are the men off for bullets?"

"They have not half enough," replied Gonfran, "if the battle last at all."

"Then ascend the roof with a couple of your section, and search for leaden gutters; bring down all you can, and set to work to melt."

Gonfran picked out a couple of men, and at once obeyed.

"What will Marie and Helene think?" said Theodore, in a low tone, to his brother-in-law.

"I deeply feel their anxiety; but do not let us think of a subject which can only unman us. The battle once over, if Providence spares us we can then hasten to join them."

"I am wisest," said C——; "being a professed conspirator I take to myself no wife; I have thus no care, and but one thought—my country."

"But you love domestic bliss and the joys of home," observed Victor.

"Doubtful pleasures to a man whose trade is war with power; at all events I shall never encumber myself."

"This quiet puzzles me," said Victor, after a pause; "I have a great mind to see what is doing."

"You will go out?"

"Hush! not a word; I will go observed only by the sentinel."

"But, Victor——"

"Be not alarmed, I will not go far, but gather from the people in the neighbourhood what is going on."

Victor now ascended the barricade, as if to reconnoitre, and after whispering a word with the sentry, slid down the huge barricade, and advanced in the direction of the Boulevard.

The streets were wholly deserted; no one was walking. Here and there

some one was seen peeping cautiously out of window; but they all hurried in at the sight of an armed man.

Victor reached the Rue de Venise before he saw any one, and turned to gain the Rue de Quincampoix. Scarcely had he entered the Rue de Venise, when half a dozen armed men came out of a house.

"Who goes there?" cried Victor.

The men presented arms as to a superior officer.

"My brave fellows, ye are Republicans, I see."

"Yes, *citoyen*, and about to seek adventure."

"Will you follow me?" asked Victor.

"Over the world," said they, having recognised one of the chiefs of the secret committee of insurrection.

"The fact is, my command is a barricade in the Rue St. Martin, but impatient at doing nothing, I have come out to reconnoitre. *Attention! Garde à vous!*"

The men fell in as if they had been regular troops—some were ex-soldiers.

"*Portez armes!*" continued the chief of the Republicans, who in all their skirmishes kept up as much discipline as possible.

The men carried arms.

"*Par file à droite, pas accéléré! En avant! Marche.*" And the little column moved in single file.

"*Armes à volonté!*" fervently added Victor, and the Republicans rested their muskets in an easy position on their shoulder.

"To the wall, my lads," suddenly cried Victor, as a column of National Guards turned from the Rue de Quincampoix into that in which they were marching.

The Republicans fell back within the shelter of the houses, which was the more effectual as the night was coming on.

The National Guard, about a hundred in number, lowered their muskets, and fired a random volley. Four only of the Republicans replied to the murderous discharge of the civic troops.

"Advance and seize these brigands," cried the commander, in a stentorian voice.

Another discharge from five muskets made the National Guards who had rushed to obey hesitate.

"Run while you load," said Victor; "stand as soon as ready, and then retreat again."

By the time the column had reached the Rue St. Martin in order the Republicans were ensconced in a gateway not more than a hundred yards from the barricade, which was alive with men.

"Fire steady," whispered Victor, in a low tone, "and then let every man run for his life; once under the barricade let them fire before you climb up."

The men nodded.

Nine muskets went off in an instant with the regularity of platoon firing.

"*Vive la République!*" thundered the men, and then broke and ran.

"On, on! capture the brigands!" shouted the National Guard, who had lost a dozen killed and wounded; and they ran hard after the flying Republicans.

Victor and his friends ran with such rapidity that when they reached the barricade they sank on the ground with exhaustion.

"Fire!" roared the voice of Theodore from above. "Don't spare them."

The volley was awful, and the National Guard fled in inextricable confusion, to take no part any more in the fray.

"Are you safe?" said Theodore, in a deeply-anxious voice.

"Quite safe," replied Victor, "and with eight good men."

And the reinforcement entered the barricade amid loud cheers.

It was beginning to be dark, but still night was not come on, and the Republicans obtained very little respite.

"To arms!" shouted the sentinel in ten minutes after the return of Victor—this time from the side towards the quay.

All the Republicans save Gonfran and six men flew to that barricade.

It was a whole regiment of the line, which with colours flying, drums beating, and officers at its head, was advancing rapidly towards them. The Republicans said not a word; they shook their cartridge-boxes, laid down their pipes, and prepared for a struggle in earnest; they knew that a fight with the line and with the National Guard were two wholly different things.

"Ready?" cried Victor.

"Ready," responded all the men.

The barricade was so contrived that nearly all its defenders could fire without being seen; loopholes expressively called *meurtrières* were placed in every corner, while about twenty of the men had ascended to the windows above.

The soldiers slackened their pace as they neared the barricade. Their guns were armed with bayonets, and all were ready to fire.

"Present!" thundered the officer in command to his men, who had halted.

The Republicans never stirred; they were all in good shelter, however.

"Fire!" cried the officer again, and a platoon two deep discharged their weapons at the thick stone barricade.

"Fire!" cried Victor, loudly, a minute afterwards himself setting the example.

The Republicans, who had not received even a wound, laid low nearly the whole front line of the regiment. The soldiers fell into confusion. Another platoon was brought up, and for ten minutes both sides fired with almost inconceivable rapidity, the Republicans encouraged by a quick air played on a bugle, which an unarmed sectionary blew with imperturbable gravity.

"This will never do," suddenly said the officer, as he saw the ground covered with killed and wounded; "I shall lose all my men to no purpose here."

And as rapidly as they could the line retreated, leaving a large body of killed and wounded on the ground, the latter of whom were carefully picked up, and removed to the house selected previously as an hospital.

A good supply of muskets, ball cartridge, swords, &c., was thus obtained. Victor gave the men at the upper windows two guns apiece, that they might fire with more rapidity and effect.

"I think now," said Victor, quietly, when the barricade once more presented the aspect of a camp, "we shall be allowed to remain in peace for the night. It is getting dark rapidly, and though we can distinguish plainly in the June evenings"—

"We must get the men to rest," observed C—.

"We must distribute the whole party into watches," said Theodore, "and take care that picked men keep watch."

"Yes."

"Two sentinels on each barricade, and two within the camp, with one at each end at a window will do."

Rub-a-dub! went the drum of an advancing column.

"To arms!" shouted the sentry in the direction of the Rue Aubry-le-Boucher; "we are again attacked."

"I was mistaken," cried Victor, while the Republicans all flew to their respective posts, at the windows on both sides, and the barricade.

"It is artillery," said Theodore, as the heavy sound of wheels was heard on the pavement of the street.

"Keep close!" roared C—.

"Yes, citizen!" replied the Republicans, who now saw that something serious was at hand.

"*C'est le brutal!*" muttered Paul, from whose garret the powder-barrel had been taken.

The best shots of the party got ready their rifles, of which half-a-dozen were mixed amongst the muskets. They knew that all their energies would be needed to repel an attack which threatened to destroy their barricade, and thus place them at the mercy of far superior forces.

I have often conversed for hours with one who was of this party, and who expiated in exile in England his share in this heroic struggle. He told me that now only did his heart begin to leap, when he found the government had resorted to a regular process of siege. Regiments and artillery against ninety men behind two loose walls of stone!

The cannon was brought up to within pistol-shot of the formidable and heavy wall behind which lay the Republicans. The soldiers were far less experienced in street-fighting than they are now—events have since made this department a study; but up to February, 1848, the inconvenience was always felt of coming so near the deadly muskets of the insurgents.

Cavaignac, Lamoriciere, Negrier, Le Breton, and others, were more cautious and experienced.

The piece was served by five men, two on each side and one behind.

"Fire!" said an officer, and a heavy report and the cracking of timber and of glass showed that the ball had entered a shop window, and buried itself harmless in the wood. Ere they could load the five artillery lay low to a man. Five men stepped in calmly to supply their places.

"Quick!" said Victor, in a low whisper, as leaning on his gun he surveyed with humid eye the death of the devoted men who, mere machines in the hands of government, were nine out of ten full of sympathy for the men against whom they fought.

Eight guns were fired at the five new artillerymen, and they again fell. The officer ordered more forward, but not one stepped from the ranks; they said that to load in that position was impossible, and to go on was certain death. The commanding officer without a word of blame gave the order for retreat.

"Take away the killed and wounded," shouted Victor, standing up on the barricade; "not a shot shall be fired. We fight for liberty and the Republic; but we are brothers. *Vive la Ligne!*"

"*Vive la Ligne!*" shouted all the Republicans in chorus.

The officer bowed, and a truce being thus established the field piece was removed, the dead raised and carried away, the wounded relieved and laid on heaps of coats, and in five minutes more the line had disappeared just as a new battalion of National Guard came up. They were in large force, and attacked the opposite barricade to that before which the artillery and the line had failed.

"This attack will be bloody," said Victor; "I can see by the unsteady walk of the front rank that they are drunk; they will be reckless. This will last.

The Republicans were at every possible post. The National Guard fired in scattered volleys, some rushing to the very foot of the barricade. For a quarter of an hour the volleys were unceasing. Flash followed flash, and report followed report; shrieks, oaths, groans, shouts, darkness, intoxication both mental and spirituous, all combined to make the scene dreadful.

"Hold on!" cried C—, as the Republicans seemed to cease firing from very weariness.

"Cease!" roared Victor. "Make ready all, load, and now fire."

The whole party levelled, and fired their volley like a regular platoon. The National Guard turned and fled in all directions.

CHAPTER XII.—THE NIGHT BIVOUAC.

WHEN the fight was over the heroic band which now alone held up the flag of the republic in Paris began to look around them. Theodore and Gonfran were lying on the ground severely wounded, five of the Republicans were dead, and seventeen very severely wounded. But there were several medical students among the party, plenty of lint, and even medicine. A large fire was lighted to cook the contents of a butcher's shop which the insurgents had taken—Victor paying for the whole—with ample supplies from a grocer and baker,

for never on any of these occasions were the insurgents known to pillage. The wounded were carried to the hospital and attended to with tender care; those who were severely wounded were dressed in the clothes of dead soldiers and National Guard, that if the post were taken they might not be bayoneted in the first moment of victory by the ruthless National Guard, which alone on such occasions was so bloody, thus envenoming the hate between the middle and humbler classes of society which exists too much in Paris.

Theodore was carried up to the room of Paul, after assuming the garb of a National Guard, and having been tended fell asleep with very weariness.

Victor and C—— having seen to all this returned to the camp. The Republicans were cooking, but not very fast. Each man eat heartily to keep up his strength, but they drank soberly, and proper sentries being placed, the greater number went to sleep. Victor remained up with four companions, C——, Paul, and two other young men.

"The most important now is to know the state of Paris," observed the Republican marquis; "I doubt if there be any barricade up but ours, in which case we must strive to rouse up our friends, and let all Paris be on foot before daylight."

"This must be done," replied C——, "not only for the sake of the Republic, but for ourselves. Every soul here is doomed if we be left alone. I care little for our lives, but we shall have perished uselessly."

"My advice is, for four of us to go out as scouts, and penetrate as far into the town as possible."

"You have been out to day," cried C—— (Osmont), "it is now our turn. I and Paul will go to the Rue St. Denis, reconnoitre, and then separate, while our two friends here will go to the Rue St. Avoye. Wherever ye find a tavern open let them know that we hold out; spread everywhere the news of our victories, and rouse them to exertion."

"I am ready," said Paul.

"I am ready," said the third.

"And I."

"But the pass-word."

"Shall be—the mountain," said Victor. "Be not long. If ye can bring a hundred recruits ye will do well. Four hundred men, with ammunition and lead, might hold this place for weeks."

C—— and his companions laid down their muskets and went forth with pistols and daggers concealed. They wore blouses and caps, and had taken care to clean their mouths and teeth of the black which the ball cartridges had left. Victor remained alone by the camp fire, while four vigilant sentries kept watch on the summit of the barricade. The young man thought of his wife, of his sister, of his father, and then of his dearly-beloved ideal, the Republic, for which he and so many others were sacrificing their lives. In the calm stillness of that night Victor began to doubt if the time was come; he began to think that the rich were yet too selfish and powerful, the middle classes too ignorant, the humbler ones too poor for him to have hope. He knew that in France the middle class, the *epiciers*, the readers of the *Constitutionnel*, &c., were the most ignorant and narrow-minded of all the population of Europe, filled with the folly that a court was good for trade—that is, that A taking £500,000 from all the letters of the alphabet, and spending it with Z—was a benefit to the nation; bearing heavy taxes because all hoped to gain a share of the plunder, the Paris shopkeepers of the rich quarters then, as now, adored a king, a court, and aristocracy. Certainly these essentials of monarchy do spend money with a few rich tradesmen, but the millions suffer, the money comes from them, and if spent by the million in their small way, would produce tenfold the profit than when taken in taxes and spent by the state pensioners. The Paris shopkeepers could not see that robbing Peter to pay Paul was neither honest nor profitable. Victor knew these feelings, and knowing it doubted.

"We must teach both middle and humbler classes, I fear, much, before they

see that the Republic is every man's interest, that ruled by honest men it must be productive of good to all. But I believe few men in this country have got beyond the idea that a republic means revolution and a crisis; they can't see that revolution is the road only—thorny, stony, and dirty—but still only the road to a noble system."

"*Qui vive!*" cried a sentry.

"*La Montagne.*"

"Advance."

"*Qui vive!*" cried the other sentry.

"Friends."

"Advance and give the pass."

"*La Montagne.*"

"Enter."

"What news?" cried Victor, standing up as the four men entered the camp.

"Bad," muttered C—, in a low tone; "every avenue is hermetically sealed; the National Guard and line are bivouacking quietly in every street and passage leading to us. We are completely surrounded; not an avenue is left."

"Then all is over in the town?"

"All."

"What is to be done?"

"Let us sit down," said C—, coolly loading his pipe, "and debate the matter. There are many sides of the question. To continue is folly, unless we hope to rouse our friends."

"To surrender is to march to death or eternal prison."

"Quite true," observed C—, lighting his pipe.

Victor also began to smoke, and the young men were silent for a few moments. An animated discussion then ensued. Victor was for holding out; C— advised an attempt at escape, to await a better opportunity; but on reflection this was considered impossible, and at midnight this little council of the insurrection had decided on resistance even unto the death. This once decided, the whole party lay down to sleep. They slept until nearly dawn, being all weary and fatigued with the day's work.

Just before day-break the lugubrious sound of the tocsin was heard from the Church of St. Mery; it was sending its echoes far and wide to let Paris know that an insurrection was going on in its bosom. The Republicans were at once on foot. They had scarcely time to take up their position before the attack commenced. Victor commanded one barricade, C— the other. With the dawn of day musketry again resounded in the streets. The king and ministers trembled as the sound came to their ears, for this was the second day, and they knew that a third day would be fatal. Bad news had come by telegraph from Lyons, from Lille, &c., and this once publicly known, the insurrection would be general. A last supreme effort was there now to be tried.

(To be continued.)

LAYS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By FANNY E. LACY.

No. 14.—HECATE.

HECATE.—“Upon the corner of the moon
“There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
“I’ll catch it ere it come to ground;
“And that distill’d by magic slights
“Shall raise such artificial sprights,
“As by the strength of their illusion
“Shall draw him on to his confusion;
“————— and bear
“His hopes ’bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
“And you all know security
“Is mortal’s chiefest enemy.”

(*Song within*).—“Come away—come away.”

HECATE.—“Hark! I’m call’d. My little spirit, see,
“Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.”

Macbeth, Act 3, Scene 5.

Of the weird sisters Hecate chief is she,
As weaving spells of boding mystery
She creeps—she creeps to seek a new-made grave,
Where night-winds sigh, and yew-boughs darkly wave :
In the quivering light of the dew-fraught moon,
Of baneful drop, that she must catch full soon,
For the doom’d mortal, wrapp’d in slumber deep,
While his good angel watches but to weep.

“Come away—come away,” wandering spirits call;
“We aid thee in the evil to befall
“Proud man, who doth his direst enemy
“Hug to his heart—his *self-security* :
“Then how we laugh his future lot to show,
“In cunning pictures of deep-veil’d woe,
“By evil wrought, and with evil fraught,
“Crime worketh debts that not long we owe.”

“Come away,” they sing, “in the midnight sky,
“With thine elfin band high in air to fly,
“As we fan the beams of the winking stars,
“To light up the way of our vapoury cars;
“And the higher we soar the madder we’ll grow,
“’Till we fall to the depths of our home below.”

Oh, be thou warn’d, presumptuous child of dust;
Seek not to *know*—pray to *believe* and *trust*.
Seek not the knowledge of forbidden lore;
Seek to serve God in hope—and seek no more.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

—
CHARLES I.
—

PERHAPS no period in the history of this country has excited more attention or elicited more various opinions than that which comprises the administrations of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. The very names of these two singularly-opposite characters recal to the recollection of the historical student some of the most remarkable events in the annals of Great Britain. Never before had the scaffold been reddened by the blood of her sovereign—never before had the sole government of the nation—over whom an hereditary monarchy had from the first ages presided—been placed in the hands of a private gentleman, who for several years was scarcely known beyond the walls of the House of Commons, or the limited circle of the Puritan meeting-house, at Huntingdon. The annals of these times have been chronicled by men of almost every shade of political faith; the Stuart sovereign has had his apologist in Hume—his opponent in Mackintosh: the Republican Protector has been slandered, maligned, cried down: till lately, his faults have been blazoned forth in language the most opprobrious—his virtues have been unnoticed. It was reserved for Thomas Carlyle to remove the stigma that rested upon his memory—to roll back the stone which had concealed his noble character, and to present to the world a portrait of one of the great heroes of Chrysostom.

The intelligence of James the First's death excited little regret, nor was that regret converted into joy when his son Charles mounted the throne. He had embraced the same opinions as those which rendered his father's reign so unpopular, and though his education had been liberal, he had not the sagacity to perceive and avoid the rock which cast a fatality over the life of the first representative of the Stuart dynasty. From his infancy, and down to the close of his singular career, Charles was surrounded by those not the best adapted to train and direct his youth, or to instil into his mind those enlightened principles of government which were rapidly disseminating among the populace. The influence of his mother, Anne of Denmark, was less beneficial than it might have been, had unanimity subsisted between herself and James, and had she paid less attention to the amusements and follies which characterised the queen's court of that day. The first few years of his life were spent in Scotland, where he was born, in November, 1600, and after his father's accession he left Dunfermline Castle for the comparative refinement of the English capital. His young days were devoted to the usual pursuits of children, and with Prince Henry, his playmate and brother (whose premature demise was much deplored, both by the king and the people), he no doubt passed his early years very pleasantly. After Henry's death he was heir apparent, and bore the title of Prince of Wales, and pleased, possibly, with the importance which his position conferred upon him, as well as with the novelty of the proposed adventure, he, in company with Buckingham, the royal favourite, went to Spain, to win the affections of the Infanta, and ally the sovereigns of England with those of the richest Continental kingdom. Charles was tired of the monotony of his father's court, he longed for a larger degree of freedom, he wished to consult his own tastes and inclinations, and if at the same time he could secure a handsome dowry, he well knew he should be effectually promoting the wishes of his almost beggared sire. But it was a most Quixotic enterprise; the journey was long and

hazardous, the result was doubtful, the proposed alliance was unpopular, James could ill spare the necessary funds, so disordered were the public finances. The king himself was much perplexed whether he should sanction Charles's departure, and after he had given his approval he was so fearful whether the Prince and Buckingham would ever return, that he had scarcely one moment's peace of mind till they landed on the British coast. Their reception was splendid, for Spain was then a rich country, the New World had supplied it with almost countless wealth; but Charles failed in his suit, the alliance was relinquished, and the Prince of Wales safely reached his father's court. Soon afterwards he was married to the Princess Henrietta; the ceremony was solemnised with becoming pomp in Paris, as well as at Canterbury, and Charles, accompanied by his queen, publicly entered London, on the 16th of June, 1625. The coronation was performed at Westminster, on the 2nd of February, in the following year, but singular and portentous was his reception; the sceptre was placed in his hands amidst an uninterrupted silence—no one expressed his approval, as was customary, till the Earl Marshal, alarmed at the universal silence, bade the spectators cry "God save King Charles!" But the command met with little response, the acclamation that marked his coronation was faint and feeble, the whole ceremony was ominous and indicative of a dark and troubled reign. Many circumstances led to this cold greeting,—the queen was a Roman Catholic, the people were Protestant: Charles based his policy on absolutism and royal prerogatives, the people wanted a monarch who would govern on enlightened and liberal principles: the king was influenced by favourites, and listened to the advice of Buckingham, the people justly disliked a sovereign led by an artful, designing courtier, whose sole end and aim was the pleasure of his royal master, not the popular good.

Soon after his accession Charles convened the Houses of Parliament, principally for the purpose of obtaining financial supplies, and ascertaining the tone and temper of the Commons, which during his father's life had shown themselves singularly intractable. In his speech there was much to which the staunch Puritan members could not very readily, if at all, yield their assent; the same opinions were reiterated which had excited so much opposition in the previous reign, and which subsequently proved the main cause of dispute between Charles and the Parliament. A more sagacious, prudent monarch than Charles would, from the manner in which the members received his first speech, have changed his tactics, and instead of adhering to old principles of government, distasteful alike to the Commons and the people, he would have adopted a different policy, and conciliated the nation by ruling in accordance with the altered character of the public mind. But the whole of Charles's career was marked by extreme infatuation—he never could see his error till it was past the power of remedy; he seemed ever to rest on the edge of a precipice in conscious security, without the least idea of the danger by which he was surrounded.

The grand cause of division between the king and the Parliament—a division commencing almost with the first meeting of the House, and continuing to the period when his regal power had ceased to exist—may be stated in a few words; the refusal of the Commons to grant supplies, or in any way to accede to Charles's wishes, unless he, in return, redressed the grievances from which the country suffered. Their grounds of complaint were at this time numerous; Buckingham ruled the state and the king—the royal prerogatives were stretched to an unprecedented extent—a war was commenced with Spain without the consent of Parliament—the solemn promises and pledges of Charles were violated without the least hesitation, and to excite the public indignation to the highest pitch Charles reminded the House that it was within his power to convene or dissolve parliaments, and that according as he "found the fruits of them good or evil, they are to continue or not to be." Was it to be expected that the independent thinking members, who indeed formed a considerable portion of the House, would submit to such language as this, or that the only medium through which the public voice could be made known should

be removed at the will and pleasure of a sovereign who had not performed a single act deserving of admiration? Nor was it less astonishing that after hearing such a sentiment they should cease to repose confidence in their monarch, and look to the *Magna Charta* as the security of their rights—the sheet-anchor of their political privileges. On more than one memorable occasion the Commons afterwards deliberated with the doors of the legislative building locked, and the key in the Speaker's possession, apprehensive of Charles dissolving their sittings by main force. Thus passed the first eighteen months of his reign.

In the meanwhile another circumstance arose which marred the harmony of the court, and rather increased than lessened the general discontent. The dissimilarity in the religious faith of the king and of the queen was productive of much ill-feeling; for on the one hand Charles did not like to oppose her wishes, and on the other hand, he well knew that the people would not tolerate the re-introduction of Romanism. He was therefore compelled to dismiss her suite of French servants, a measure which, while it pacified the nation, and led them to suppose that their monarch would uphold the Protestant religion, exasperated the queen, and provoked the hostility of the royal family at Paris.*

The principal features that marked the reign of this sovereign were the proceedings in the House of Commons, which formed a series of remonstrances, petitions, and protests not only unequalled in number, but unrivalled in composition. The debates, too, of these times were characterised by a fearless spirit, a decision of purpose, and a fire and eloquence, calculated to throw a charm around the most uninteresting subject. The zealous devotion of the various speakers is worthy of particular notice; the cause in which they had enlisted their services was never neglected; dangers did not dismay them—royal proclamations did not turn them from their duty; they defied the right of the crown to govern without consulting the Parliament, and braved imprisonment and banishment in vindication of their venerated privileges. On one occasion, in which it was debated whether the question of the king's command for a financial grant should take precedence over a remonstrance against one of his speeches, the Commons sat from eight o'clock in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon, and after taking refreshment they re-assembled at six o'clock, and did not divide till nearly nine o'clock. More than two hundred members addressed the House, and amidst so many speakers, several of whom rose at the same time, order was necessarily rather deficient, the clamour being proportionally loud and deafening. But amidst all the difficulties that beset Charles's path, he never dreamed of suiting his policy to the altered character of the times, nor once doubted the ultimate success of his schemes of civil and ecclesiastical despotism. A deficient revenue, an intractable Parliament, and a murmuring people, were nothing to him so long as he had Buckingham, Laud, and Wentworth among his advisers. The proroguing of the Houses was a matter of no more moment than the dismissal of a servant; but though he deemed it a trivial, unimportant thing, the public thought otherwise, and remembered it at that fearful day of reckoning which was even now faintly appearing in the far distant horizon.

The habitual perfidy that distinguished Charles's actions, and the extent to which he carried the crown prerogatives, justly provoked the distrust of a large section of the House, and with the view of guarding the public privileges from

* When Charles had resolved on dismissing all the queen's French attendants, he wrote the following curious letter to his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham:—

"I have received your letter by *Dic Grème*. This is my answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the *toune*, if you can, by fair means (but styke not long in disputing), otherwise force them away lyke so many wyld beastes, until ye have shipped them, and so the devil go with them! Lete me hear no answer but of the performance of my command."

the innovations of an unconstitutional monarch, the Petition of Rights was prepared, at the request of the Commons, in the spring of 1628, by Sir Edward Coke, the eminent lawyer. During the progress of the bill through the upper House the peers proposed one or two amendments in favour of a more extended licence being given to the king, but the Commons resolutely opposed the introduction of any clause calculated to impair the spirit of their measure, which eventually passed the Lords, without any additions, in *one day*! Much delay and objection occurred on the part of Charles, before he consented to ratify it; but in the meantime the leading members of the lower House, conscious of the numerous complaints which had been made to the king, and which still existed, ventured again to expose the grievance under which the country suffered, and with an eloquence which only a great theme can call forth, they censured both the foreign and domestic policy of the government. At last the royal assent was given to the Petition of Rights. The 7th of June was a memorable day for the patriot members of the House; joy pervaded the nation, and hope animated the desponding minds of many who had never expected to witness the royal sanction of a bill which bound the king "never again to raise money without the consent of the Houses—never again to imprison any person, except in due course of law, and never again to subject his people to the jurisdiction of courts martial."* The ratification of this bill was a matter of necessity with Charles, who, apprehensive lest the Commons should now devote their time to the amendment of the public grievances, and the enactment of measures repugnant to his feelings, suddenly prorogued the sitting of Parliament, which re-assembled in January, 1629, when complaints were renewed relative to the levying of the tonnage and poundage, remonstrances and protests were presented to the king, but attended with no good result, and Charles, to terminate further proceedings, dissolved the Houses shortly after they had met. They were not again convoked for eleven years, the longest interval that has ever elapsed since a monarchy was established in England. The Parliament was on this occasion prorogued under the most inauspicious circumstances; the Speaker having refused, in pursuance of the king's order, to put a motion for the redress of a grievance, rose to quit the chair, but was held down by main force, and still would not violate the royal prohibition; so that one of the members read and put to the vote the resolution which the Speaker had declined. The next day warrants were issued, summoning several of the leading members of the opposition before the privy council, many of whom attended, but refusing to answer out of parliament for what was said and done in it, were committed to the Tower. Charles attempted to vindicate his conduct in an address to the Lords; and in another subsequently issued for the general information he stated his reasons for proroguing the Houses, and at great length endeavoured to show that the proceedings of the Commons fully justified the measure he had adopted. Unfortunately, however, he used such offensive language relative to his right to act independently of all parliamentary control, and designated the patriot members "vipers" and "undutiful subjects," so that the address had just the contrary effect on the public mind to that he anticipated, and instead of casting opprobrium on them, the opprobrium rested on himself for allowing the causes to exist which gave rise to the measures of the opposition.

The events which chequered the interval of eleven years, before another parliament was convened, were numerous and important. Charles had now set aside the ancient and venerated form of government—that of popular representation—and assumed the part of a despotic monarch. The Star Chamber and the High Commission—the former a civil, the latter an ecclesiastical tribunal—were in full power; in addition to which there was another, the Council of York, which, responsible to no other court, and possessed of unlimited authority, could without restraint or fear of consequences exercise its vigorous and tyrannical jurisdiction. There was no appeal from the decisions of these arbitrary and dis-

* Macaulay's "History of England."

graceful tribunals. Buckingham, who had hitherto swayed the king's actions and ruled the public affairs, had perished by the knife of an assassin, but his place was supplied by men even more dangerous than he was—men more resolute, and therefore better adapted to carry out their respective measures. Charles's chief advisers were now William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford; the former of whom has earned an unenviable reputation by his innovations on the Protestant religion, and his severe punishment of the Puritans; while the latter, possessed of commanding abilities, both as a speaker and statesman, has been covered with disgrace by his hostility to the ranks which he had deserted—a feature characteristic of all apostates—and his devotion to the measures of his royal master. Under the leadership of these men the king brought the affairs of the realm to a crisis unexampled in the history of this country.

The constant and pressing difficulty, however, against which he had to contend was a financial one. The sessions having been dissolved without the Commons granting any subsidies deprived him of the customary sources of revenue, so that every expedient was adopted to meet the wants of the state. Money was raised by the most iniquitous and injurious monopolies,—the gentry and others whose residence in London was not absolutely necessary, were ordered, in pursuance of a royal proclamation, to quit the Metropolis within a specified time, for their country abodes, and in case of non-compliance were subjected to heavy fines; besides which, he revived an almost forgotten statute, compelling those persons who, though eligible, had neglected to receive the honour of knighthood at his coronation, to pay a severe penalty, the aggregate amount of which was about one hundred thousand pounds. The taxes of tonnage and poundage were also imposed, but, in several instances, stoutly resisted. The most obnoxious and illegal measure of all, however, was the levying of what was termed *ship-money*, which had formerly been exacted only in time of war, for the defence of the coast, and alone demanded from the maritime counties. Without consent of Parliament, and contrary to precedent, Charles now imposed the tax not only them, but also on the inland shires. The memorable resistance of John Hampden, a landed proprietor in Buckinghamshire, simply on the ground of its illegality, is no doubt fresh in our readers' recollection. He was assessed only for the sum of twenty shillings; but it was not the amount against which he contended, it was the principle of taxing without the sanction of Parliament. The matter was argued in the Exchequer Chamber, before all the judges, and after the cause had been pending six months, during which the most subtle reasoning and extensive learning were displayed on both side of the question, nine out of the twelve judges pronounced the raising of ship-money legal, while the other three recorded their verdict in favour of the plaintiff.* No case had ever excited so much public interest, the welfare of the whole nation was at stake; but though this decision prevented any further appeals to the law and settled the point in dispute, yet the people considered the imposition of the tax illegal, and paid it with corresponding reluctance.

All these circumstances, combined with others that rapidly followed, led to

* The obsequiousness of the judges was notorious: they seem seldom to have given their opinion on the merits of the case, but in accordance with the king's wishes. One of them, however, had the moral courage to give his judgment in Hampden's trial against Charles, a circumstance which is thus narrated by Whitelock:—"Judge Crooke was resolved to deliver his opinion for the king, and to that end had prepared his argument; but a few days before, upon discourse with some of his relations, and most serious thoughts of the business, and being heartened by his lady, who told her husband upon this occasion that she hoped he would do nothing against his conscience, for fear of any danger or prejudice to him or his family; and that she would be content to suffer want or any misery with him, rather than be an occasion for him to do or say anything against his judgment. Upon these, I say, and the like encouragements, but chiefly upon his better thoughts, he suddenly altered his purpose, and argued and declared his opinion against the king."

the dreadful storm which subsequently burst upon the king; and in the face of no ordinary difficulties he had the infatuation to attempt the introduction of the English liturgy into the Scotch church. The day on which the new service was appointed to be read was one of general tumult—the city of Edinburgh was thrown into the utmost confusion—the bishops who essayed to read the Prayer-Book narrowly escaped with their lives; and as the result of all, the zealous adherents of the kirk entered into a solemn covenant to preserve unimpaired the religion of their land, and at the point of the sword (if necessary), to vindicate the system which John Knox had hallowed by his devotion and piety. The ranks of the Covenanters speedily increased, troops were organised, in readiness to march against the English forces which Charles had assembled on the frontiers. Negotiation was at last resorted to, and the horrors of civil war were in the meantime averted. No one, however, believed the peace would long continue; it was viewed merely as the prelude to a general rebellion. Every one now looked for rescue from the difficulties in which the country, but more especially the king, was involved to the immediate assembling of the Parliament, and Charles, moved by the advice of his “Secret Council,” and perhaps expecting that the Commons, after so long a recess as eleven years, might be inclined to promote his wishes, opened the session on the 13th of April, 1640, in the following brief speech:—“My Lords and Gentlemen,—There never was a king that had a more great and weighty cause to call his people together than myself. I will not trouble you with the particulars. I have informed my Lord Keeper, and commanded him to speak and desire your attention.” The minister then addressed the House, stating the necessity of large and immediate subsidies being granted, a subject to which he adverted with admirable cleverness, and after assuring the members of the affection and love that his majesty had ever evinced towards his people, he concluded his elaborate speech. Contrary to the king’s request, the Commons resolved that the investigation and consideration of the public grievances should precede all other matters; while Charles, misinformed of their feelings in regard to the Subsidy Bill, and vexed with their delay and resistance, went down to the House, and prorogued it, after a sitting of only three weeks! No sooner had he performed this act than he regretted it, and hastened to explain his reasons by publishing a long address, in which he complained of “the frowardness and undutiful behaviour” of some of the members; and concluded his manifesto in these words:—“In the meantime, to the end all his majesty’s loving subjects may know how graciously his majesty is inclined to hear and redress all the just grievances of his people, as well out of parliament as in parliament, his majesty doth hereby further declare his royal will and pleasure that all his loving subjects who have any just cause to present, or complain of any grievances or oppressions, may freely address themselves by their humble petitions to his sacred majesty, who will graciously hear their complaints, and give such fitting redress therein that all his people shall have just cause to acknowledge his grace and goodness towards them; and to be fully satisfied that no persons or assemblies can more prevail with his majesty than the piety and justice of his own royal nature, and the tender affection he doth, and shall ever, bear to all his people and loving subjects.” Strangely contrasting with the liberal spirit of these sentiments was the immediate imprisonment of several of the most conspicuous speakers in the late opposition, merely because they had freely expressed their opinions, and presented petitions which embodied the popular complaints.

The sudden termination of the session awakened regret in the minds of some, joy in those of others. The remark of Oliver St. John, a leading member of the House, is worthy of quotation: “all is well,—it must be worse before it can be better.” He viewed the king’s infatuation as a thing which would inevitably ruin the nation, and very wisely thought that the more rapidly the public affairs came to a crisis the more rapid would be the arrival of the remedy.

In a few months afterwards (3rd November, 1640), another parliament was convened, which received the designation of the Long Parliament. The sit-

tings of this assembly were marked by the most memorable results: grievances were redressed with the speed of lightning—the iniquitous tribunals by which Charles had ruled his “loving subjects” existed in future only in name; the ministers who had so vigorously seconded his commands were removed from the offices of which they were indeed not worthy, and in less than nine months not a single vestige of former despotism remained. Charles was stripped of his illegal prerogatives—the Commons ruled the land. The unanimity by which their proceedings had been characterised was, however, destined to be broken. Two parties, one of which formed the king’s faction, the other the popular and republican faction, divided the House; but while the former supported the existing system of government, inasmuch as it had been subjected to a sweeping and salutary reform, they participated in the distrust of Charles which was entertained by the latter. But notwithstanding this schism, it is not improbable that had he faithfully adhered to the liberal intentions that he at this time expressed, peace and order would have superseded the anarchy, rebellion, and civil wars which his insincerity and arbitrary conduct naturally induced.

Every day it became more apparent that the distrust with which the king and the Parliament regarded each other would not be removed by any ordinary means. Neither Charles nor the Commons acted with openness or ingenuousness: and while the former adopted a style of writing which veiled his real intentions, the Commons wore a mask of seeming respect to his position as sovereign which strangely contrasted with their genuine feelings. A variety of circumstances, in themselves frequently unimportant, but which, in relation to the times, were considered of the utmost moment, served to inflame this mutual distrust, and when Charles so far invaded the privileges of the Parliament as to accuse six of the members of high treason—among whom were Pym, Hollis, and Hampden,—and, accompanied by soldiers, to attempt to arrest them within the walls of the legislative building, the public indignation was deservedly roused: men then thought their cherished rights were endangered, and that the day had indeed arrived when they must rally round the champions of liberty and freedom. The conviction that civil war was inevitable became impressed upon the public mind; and on reading the numerous state papers that passed between the king and the Parliament, though both sought to conceal their opinions in dubious language, it is not difficult to trace out the idea that an appeal to the sword would be the last resort. The commencement of hostilities was marked by the two parties publishing counter proclamations, by the levying of soldiers, and by the royal standard floating (25th of August, 1643), on the turrets of Nottingham Castle. Prince Rupert commanded the king’s cavalry, the Earl of Essex the Parliamentary forces. The generals were as different as the troops which enlisted under their respective banners. Rupert was a brilliant specimen of the cavalier, an impetuous horseman, and an able leader of the horse regiments; Essex, though he had acquired a fair reputation in several Continental campaigns, was rather timid, and had little or none of that chivalrous spirit which led his opponent to perform the most daring feats, and which enabled him, though with inferior numbers, to achieve unexampled victories. The troops both of Charles and of the Parliament were, however, little conversant with the art of war—there was no standing army—the soldiers were indiscriminately drawn from the ranks of the rich and the poor; some voluntarily took arms, others were compelled to wear the colours either of Rupert or of Essex; but the forces which gathered round the royal standard, a large proportion of whom formed the gentry and aristocracy of the land, were for a long time superior in discipline to those of the Parliament, so that their military engagements met with a corresponding measure of success. But this superiority did not long continue; for when Cromwell and his squadron began to fight the battles of the Commonwealth, the army became distinguished for its severe discipline, the perfection to which its military acquirements had attained, and the unvarying victory which marked its enterprises. His troop of horse, composed principally

of freeholders, and the sons of freeholders, and professing Puritanical opinions, like their leader, "being well armed within (says Whitelock) by the satisfaction of their own consciences, and without by good iron arms, they would as one man stand firm, and charge desperately." No wonder they received the appellation of *Cromwell's Ironsides*. Their conduct was in perfect accordance with the exemplary virtue of their great leader: one of the journals of the day records the following with regard to their singular discipline:—"No man swears but he pays his twelvence; if he be drunk, he is set in stocks, or worse; if he calls the other Roundhead, he is cashiered; insomuch that the counties where they come, leap for joy of them, and come in, and join with them. How happy were it if all the forces were thus disciplined!" Nothing could withstand them—they trusted in their God for success, and advanced to the battle-field and the slaughter, singing a hymn to the "Lord of Hosts." Men may sneer at this peculiarity in their system of combat, but to the intense religious feeling and heroic courage which it excited must their victories be attributed.

In the meanwhile the position of Charles was one of insuperable difficulty. The command and control of the militia (whose assistance he had always calculated on securing), as well as that of the navy, were vested in the Parliament; he was embarrassed by the want of money, and though private individuals generously poured their treasure into his needy coffers, yet that means of revenue could neither last nor be compared with the resources which the opulent city of London could furnish for the enemy's soldiers. But in spite of these obstacles, the cavaliers for a considerable period maintained their ground, and defeated the opposing forces so frequently that the latter were somewhat discouraged, and all the experience which Essex could command, and the courage which his troops could muster, scarcely ever defeated or routed Rupert and his chivalrous cavalry. The Republicans, too, had lost Pym, who "had been borne with princely honours to a grave among the Plantagenets;"* and Hampden, the most esteemed and illustrious of the patriot leaders, had fallen in a little skirmish at the village of Chalgrove. The great and sad event of that day (18th of June, 1643) is well worthy of narration: "At the same time O'Neill and Percy charged on either flank, and the Roundheads' route became general. Hampden now came up from the enclosures about Wapsgrove House, and endeavoured to check the Cavaliers, and give time to his comrades to rally; but he received his death wound in the first charge; two carbine balls struck him in the shoulders, broke the bone, and buried themselves in his body. His career was run. He feebly turned his horse, and rode from the *melée* towards his father-in-law's house, at Perton. 'There he had in youth married the first wife of his love, and thither would he have gone to die.' But Rupert's fierce squadron were now scattered over the plain, doing fearful execution on the fugitives, and the wounded patriot was forced to turn back towards Thame. At length he reached the house of one Ezekiel Browne, where his wounds were dressed, and some hopes of life were held out to him. He knew better. He felt life's task was done, and he passed his remaining hours in writing to Parliament the counsels he could no longer speak. After six days of cruel suffering he died, having received the sacrament from a minister of the church of England. His last words were: 'O Lord! save my country! O Lord! be merciful to—!' His utterance failed; he fell back, and died. He was followed to his grave amongst his native hills and woods of the Chiltern by all the troops that could be gathered for that sad duty; and so he was committed to the dust as becomed a gallant soldier."†

Time passed on, and still Charles and the Parliament were as far as ever from terminating their disputes. The system upon which the latter conducted the military affairs needed to be changed; Cromwell and the Commons generally perceived this, but no one, excepting that sagacious statesman, was bold enough

* Macaulay's "History of England."
 † Warburton's "Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers."

to address the House in support of a reformation. Unawed by the timidity of his party, or the magnitude of the matter in question, he rose, and made the following speech:—"Without a more speedy, vigorous, and effectual prosecution of the war, casting off all lingering proceedings like soldiers of fortune beyond the sea to spin out the war, we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a parliament. For what do the enemy say?—nay, what do many say, that were friends at the beginning of parliament? Even this: that the members of both Houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands, and what by interest in parliament, and what by power in the army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the war speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. This I speak here, to our own faces, is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any; I know the worth of those commanders, members of both Houses, who are yet in power." This speech having served the purpose of an introduction, the Commons, with characteristic energy, devised and proposed the necessary remedy, a part of which consisted in transferring the command of the army to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and rendering it imperative that no member of Parliament should hold, during the war, any civil or military office whatever. Cromwell was soon afterwards appointed lieutenant-general of the cavalry regiments. The army as now constituted presented a striking contrast to that of the unfortunate Charles—the one was placed under the severest discipline, offences were rigorously punished, profane language seldom or ever escaped their lips: the other formed, when out of the field, a disorderly and dissolute rabble, and "the officers took pride in the profligacy of their language and their lives." Under these altered circumstances was fought the battle of Naseby (14th of June, 1645), the issue of which sealed the king's fate, and left his dominions to the victorious troops. Rupert and his comrades charged, but with no effect, they could neither break the enemy's squadrons nor preserve themselves from a ruinous defeat. Charles tried to rally his dispirited troops with the words: "One charge more, and we recover the day," but in vain; the sounds fell disregarded on their ears; they fled, and left the field to Cromwell, Fairfax, and the forces of the Parliament. The king took temporary refuge in Wales.

The next four years of his life were passed without his personally engaging in any battles. The defeat at Naseby had shown him the superiority of the Republican army; but though relieved from the toils of military pursuits (for which he was little adapted), he did not cease to carry on intrigues with the Scots and others, nor did he once relinquish the idea of regaining his wonted power, and revenging himself on the authors of his melancholy reverses. It is perhaps unnecessary either to mention the several places at which he remained, or the repeated negotiations that passed between himself and the Parliament for a settlement of the disputes from the long existence of which the country at large severely suffered. Charles invariably refused to come to an accommodation; the entreaties of his most warm and cherished friends seldom or never moved his inflexibility, and even when the direst disasters surrounded him, the thought of an escape was more congenial with his feelings than the abandonment of one atom of the attributes which he considered he derived by virtue of his hereditary royal descent, and the divine rights of which he, in common with all kings, was possessed. Charles had still a large number of partisans who were ready to wield the sword in his defence, but their willingness and ability were not directed in the proper channel—there was no simultaneous or combined movement, and hence when arrayed against the Parliamentary forces they stood little chance of success. Montrose and his Scottish soldiers chivalrously aided his cause, and repeatedly gained several important victories, but his courageous conduct and extraordinary success met with little response on the part either of Charles or the Cavaliers. The king, reduced to a condition in the mere mention of which pity takes the place of censure, at last resolved to take refuge with his northern partisans, and on the 26th of April, 1646, at three

o'clock in the morning, having his beard clipped, and dressed as a groom, he, in company with Ashburnam, rode over Magdalen-bridge, at Oxford, to join the army of the Scots. They received him with eager manifestations of joy, but ere long he wrote to the queen (who had been, and still was, on the Continent, in hope of procuring him supplies), informing her that the Scots had treated him with barbarous perfidy; and after he had refused to subscribe the covenant, which had he done so, would have unduly prejudiced other religious sects, they seemed to have thought he was unworthy of their shelter,—a circumstance that, combined with the fact that they wished to conciliate the Parliament, in order to procure payment of certain amounts in dispute, led them to obey the vote of the House of Commons for the king's surrender. In the early part of the following year (1647) they delivered their monarch to the English authorities.

Such a glaring instance of bad faith cannot be too strongly stigmatised. They welcomed Charles, they promised him that support of which he stood in such pressing need—he behaved with candour and openness to them, and trusted in their protestations of love and honour—they violated their sacred words—they bartered him away to his enemies, and added to his misfortunes one of the worst of all, the perfidy of supposed friends. Of this violation of the confidence which their sovereign reposed in them they seem afterwards to have been fully aware, and possibly to wipe out the disgrace that this act had fixed upon the nation, they espoused the cause of his son, and fought with heroism and devotion to establish the rights of the (so-called) Pretender.

The king was now in the custody of the Parliament, and amidst the afflictions through which he passed he demeaned himself as became a truly good man. In his progress to and from the several places where he was lodged, he was met by vast multitudes of people, who, touched with the composure which marked his gentle countenance, never offered the least indignity, but “approached him with reverence and pity.” Cromwell, too, with his son-in-law, Ireton, and others, testified their respect for the fallen monarch, who was, previously to the last fatal Cavalier outbreak, treated with indulgence and consideration by the army and the party of “independents.”*

In the meanwhile the king's infatuation and obstinacy, the intrigues that he entered into for his escape and eventual success, were rapidly accelerating the dissolution of the monarchy. Even those who had long regarded him with hope, began to lose forbearance, and to ally themselves with the Republican members of the House. Ireton among many others, threw out the hint that something must be done; at the same time reminding the Commons that Charles had denied that protection to the people which was the condition of obedience to him—that “after long patience they should now at last show themselves resolute—that they should not desert the brave men who had fought for them beyond all possibility of retreat or forgiveness, and who would never forsake the Parliament, unless the Parliament first forsook them.” Cromwell expressed himself in somewhat similar language; but the speeches of others, violent and radical in the extreme, prepared the public mind for the impeachment, the trial, and the execution of the unfortunate Stuart monarch. Before, however, the proposal of more explicit and necessary measures, the general tranquillity was seriously disturbed. Insurrections of the most threatening character broke out in various parts of the kingdom, the extent and importance of which needed all

* In the course of the king's sojourn at Newcastle, a Scotch minister, more anxious to show his religious zeal than a proper regard for Charles's feelings, “preached boldly before him, and when his sermon was done, called for the 52nd Psalm, which begins—

“Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,

Thy wicked works to praise?”

Whereupon his majesty stood up, and called for the 56th Psalm, which begins—

“Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,

For men will me devour.”

The people waived the minister's psalm, and sung that which the king called for.”—*Whitelock.*

the energy and genius of the military leaders to quell. Charles, to a certain degree, was concerned in the late rebellion; but although he took little part in it, and that part only indirectly, it was resolved that justice should be executed upon those who had caused the outbreak, and in the discussion of that question he was singled out as the principal offender. A committee was at once appointed to prepare charges against him, and after they had presented a Report condemning the king, a high court of justice, composed of sixty-eight commissioners, assembled on the 20th of January, 1649, for the trial of Charles Stuart for the crime of high treason and levying war against the Parliament and the kingdom. Never had Westminster Hall been devoted to a purpose at once so solemn and so tragical: the nation had met to deliberate on a question which concerned the life of their sovereign, and by their sentence to show to the world that they paid no more respect to the blood of an erring monarch than a sinning pauper. Amidst the singular grandeur of this tribunal Charles was undismayed; he took a chair at the bar, looking round with severity and intimidation on the spectators and the judges. They preserved an equal composure: his head remained covered; neither he nor they saluted each other. The trial lasted seven days, during which the king occasionally addressed the Court; his speeches being distinguished for ability and resolution, and his behaviour by a dignity and a royalty which invested the tragic scene with unprecedented interest.

The verdict of this tribunal was pronounced amidst the silent approval of all the commissioners, the words of which declared Charles Stuart to be "a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy," and that he should suffer death by his head being "severed from his body." Three days were allowed him for preparation, and during that period attended by his favourite chaplain, Doctor Juxon, he devoted himself to religious exercises. Never did his piety shine forth with greater steadiness and clearness. His interview with his children was peculiarly affecting, but even in that situation his fortitude did not forsake him. The fatal day (30th of January, 1649) at last arrived, and "at ten o'clock he proceeded on foot from St. James's, through the Park, between two lines of infantry, and a guard of halberdiers following and going before, with drums beating and colours flying. Many of the crowd blessed and prayed for him, as he passed, unrebuked by the soldiers, who appeared silent and dejected." He mounted the scaffold, which was erected in front of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, with firm step, and maintaining his collectedness and calmness amidst the dense masses that filled the streets, he addressed the people, but his voice not being heard, he confined his discourse to those immediately around him. His speech, though unprepared, was lucid and comprehensive: he censured the conduct of the Parliament, denied the crimes of which he had been convicted, and not only forgave those (whoever they were) who had brought him to death, but prayed that they might repent. After adverting to several other matters, he concluded with these words: "Sirs, it was for the liberties of the people that I come here. If I would have assented to any arbitrary sway, to have all things changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come hither; and therefore I tell you (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge), that I am the martyr of the people." Almost the last words which fell from his lips, were: "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown." He laid his head upon the block, uttered a short prayer, and immediately thereafter his head was severed from his body. The crowd had no time to exhibit their feelings, further than by "a dismal universal groan," for two troops of horse occupied the streets, and dispersed them in different directions. His remains, after having been embalmed, were conveyed to Windsor in the night-time, and silently interred in St. George's Chapel. He had hardly reached the age of forty-nine.

One of his biographers (Dr. Welwood), furnishes the following particu-

Mackintosh—"History of England."

lars:—"He was a prince of a comely presence, of a sweet, grave, but melancholy aspect. His face was regular, handsome, and well-complexioned; his body strong, healthy, and well made, and though of a low stature was capable to endure the greatest fatigues. He had a good taste of learning, and a more than ordinary skill in the liberal arts, especially painting, sculpture, architecture, and medals; he acquired the noblest collection of any prince in his time, and more than all the kings of England before him. He spoke several languages very well, and with a singular good grace. He writ a tolerable hand for a king, but his sense was strong, and his style laconic." It is scarcely necessary for us to add a word to this description; but though detailed it omits to mention Charles's ability as a speaker and a writer. In both of these capacities he attained considerable eminence: his language was simple, but full of meaning; his learning was by no means insignificant, while there was no affectation or pedantry.*

The history of the times and the nature of the transactions in which Charles engaged, furnish us with an accurate portraiture of his character. That he had many faults, and few, very few, excellences, every candid reader must admit; insincerity and faithlessness seem to have been the motives from which he generally acted; the preservation of those royal prerogatives which he considered he derived by reason of hereditary descent, was to him a matter of far higher importance than the acquisition of his subjects' love, the respect of other nations. In carrying out his cherished policy he entirely overlooked the great fact that public opinion had changed since the days of Elizabeth—that the dissemination of knowledge and the growth of Puritanism had led the people to resist an arbitrary, despotic government, not only because it was repugnant to the spirit of liberty, but because it was an infringement of the rights secured by the voice and the swords of their freedom-loving ancestors. The catalogue of his misdeeds was sufficiently long and sufficiently dark to alienate the affections of almost any people: his perfidy was so marked and so notorious that even his friends were astonished and disgusted; while his enemies, conscious that on his part no treaties would be binding, no promises sacred, gave full licence to their hatred and revenge. After his death, however, he was viewed in a very different light: those who had before shown the most malignant feelings—who had despised him for his dissimulation and habitual perfidy—who had evinced the greatest religious animosity, and heaped upon him the opprobrious epithets of "traitor" and "tyrant," now venerated him as a martyr, deplored his untimely fate, admired his piety and freedom from bigotry, looked back with regret at the time when he wielded the sceptre, and anticipated with joyous hope the dissolution of the Commonwealth, and the accession of Prince Charles Stuart. Nothing would satisfy these poor, drivelling renegades but a return to the antique form of King, Lords, and Commons.

We do not intend to discuss the question whether the Parliament was right in sacrificing the life of their sovereign: we do not see what other course could have been adopted in that memorable and fearful juncture in which the nation was then plunged; but while freely acknowledging the unexampled success that distinguished the Protector's administration, and rendering our feeble tribute to his genius and wisdom, we cannot conceal the fact that his government was the government of the sword, the supremacy of arms and of might, the despotism of Oliver Cromwell, instead of the despotism of Charles I. England has been the birth-place of many an illustrious man, but never before, nor yet since, have the annals of this country recorded the life of a greater than the

* It may not be generally known that Shakespeare was "the chosen companion of his private hours;" and Ben Jonson, among others, frequently shared his good opinion, as well as his liberality. In the last illness of that poet Charles sent him a pecuniary gift, which Jonson deemed so trifling that he exclaimed, the king "sends me so miserable a donation, because I am poor, and live in an alley; go back, and tell him, his soul lives in an alley." Whither this anecdote be correct or not, there is no reason for supposing that Charles was a stingy patron of the literary men whose society he courted.

guiding spirit of that republic which rose on the ashes of the Stuart monarchy. Though a Puritan, he did not share in the notorious eccentricities which they exhibited; he did not answer to Mr. Macaulay's description of a member of that sect, who "was at once known from other men by his gait, his garb, his lank hair, the sour solemnity of his face, the upturned white of his eyes, the nasal twang with which he spoke;" but he might be recognised "by his peculiar dialect," and the frequent use of "the imagery and style of Scripture." With Cromwell, however, the employment of such language was not hypocrisy; for the deep religious feeling with which he was imbued, and the conscientious motives from which he acted, were so intense and so powerful that he could not resist nor avoid adapting the expressions of Sacred Writ to the necessities and achievements of the Commonwealth. His memory can never in justice be charged with hypocrisy. Dissimulation certainly characterised some of his proceedings, and ambition—

"By that sin fell the angels!"—

paved the way for the fall and extinction of the republic of which he had been the unwavering supporter and the distinguished ornament. But even these faults sink into insignificance when we remember the extraordinary ability and consummate wisdom of his government. His name and that of the nation he represented were respected and feared abroad: his comprehensive intellect shone through the whole of the foreign policy of that day, enabling him to succeed in every naval and military enterprise, and promoting the maritime as well as the commercial interests of this country. In his domestic administration, though perhaps scarcely so successful, he exhibited an invincible courage and powerful genius; difficulties were surmounted with comparative ease; Ireland and Scotland yielded to the arms of their potent neighbour, and when the war of religious strife and discord threatened to annihilate all traces of nationality, his tolerant spirit rose high above the petty sectarian disputes, and recognised with equal charity all classes of the people. His oratorical powers, too, were by no means trifling; for though not a polished speaker, he possessed the art of persuasion to a remarkable degree, and moulded men's minds to his own views and opinions with wonderful facility. His private life was spotless; he was beloved by his family, and evinced a warm interest in those to whom he was related. He stands alone on the historic page, free from all rivals, great in almost every aspect in which we can view his career; and while Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart kings with difficulty preserve the recollection even of their names, Oliver Cromwell lives in the memory of an admiring posterity, the most illustrious man in an age in which great men were pre-eminently numerous.

Melancholy and startling as is the contrast between the Protector of the Commonwealth and Charles Stuart, the sovereign of England, there is one feature in the character of the latter which casts a sacred light over the eventful scenes that ushered in the republic. The last days of that accomplished monarch—passed as they were amidst circumstances unprecedented in the annals of British royalty—were distinguished and adorned by everything calculated to invest him with an unnatural charm. The pious offices of a faithful chaplain, and the consolations of a religion to which Charles was sincerely attached, enabled him, with becoming fortitude, to bear afflictions of no ordinary extent, and to lay his head upon the block, hopefully anticipating his departure to a world where his tribunal would be composed, not of men of like passions with himself, but of a Being full of justice and of mercy.

TO VENICE.

O, VENICE! is thy glory come again?

Will freedom rise from her dishonour'd grave?

Hast thou one banner yet without a stain—

One hope to cling to, still one wreck to save?

And shall the freeman's pennon once more wave

Above thy towers, fair consort of the sea?

Home of the homeless, refuge of the brave,

A memory immortal clings to thee,

Thou hast been glorious, and thou shalt again be great and free.

Bride of the Adriatic, thy proud name

Is graven on the pillars of the past;

But shall the darkness of thy present shame

Cloud the bright memories which no time should blast?

And shall the record of thy bondage cast

A blighting shade o'er glories yet in store?

Thy present bondage! May it be thy last;

May tyranny with trampling heel no more

Tread thy submissive neck, and dint thy lovely shore.

Thy present shame? Thou art not shameful now;

Thy sons are warriors once again, and they

Shall wreath fresh myrtles on thy beauteous brow,

And lift thee from the dust of thy decay.

Thine is a name that shall not pass away,

Thine is an honour that shall never die,

Proud tyranny shall trample as it may;

Yet, if thou canst not shout the battle cry,

Bow'd with thy weight of chains, thou yet may'st feebly sigh.

By thine own ruin, by thy children's tears,

By all the glories of thy perish'd race,

By all the gather'd wrongs of vanish'd years,

By all the memories time cannot efface,

Venice, awake! unveil thy beauteous face,

Shine in thy pride and power as of yore;

Cast off the hideous shroud of thy disgrace;

Rise from thine ashes, queen of earth, once more,

Sound the loud notes of liberty upon thy sea-girt shore.

Alas ! again the hour of doom is come,
 Venice in blood and ashes once more lies—
 A grave of glory, or a freeman's home,
 Such was the choice. And when a freeman dies
 In freedom's cause, the sorrowing nation sighs,
 Mourning his fall ; and where he bends his head
 To the sharp stroke of tyranny, the cries
 Of grief are lifted ; tears bedew his bed,
 And loud the choral notes arise that glorify the dead.
 Many have fallen where fair Venice fell ;
 Theirs was a death of triumph, for they died
 Martyrs to freedom. Glory sounds their knell :
 Their life was honour, and their death was pride.
 But Venice lies in ruin. Far and wide
 The desolation spreads ; from sea to sea,
 From shore to shore, green earth and rolling tide,
 Tyrant ! the notes of triumph sound for thee.
 Rejoice, rejoice, ye coward kings, for Venice is not free.
 But is thy ruin hopeless ? Can it be ?
 Has freedom wing'd an everlasting flight ?
 Shall infamy eternal cling to thee ?
 Say, art thou blasted with eternal blight ?
 Has thy fair star for ever sunk in night ?
 O, Venice ! art thou slumbering in a sleep
 That knows no waking ? Shall the shameful sight
 Endure for ever ? Venice, lie and weep,
 Rich spoil of despot kings, fair consort of the deep.
 To fall in freedom, or to live a slave,
 The choice is for thee. Is the bondman's chain
 More sweet, more noble than the freeman's grave ?
 No, Venice, hope ; thy star is on the wane,
 But has not perish'd. It may shine again.
 Weep not, fair city ! Tyranny is strong,
 And mocks thy sorrows in exulting strain,
 But soon thy sons shall in triumphant throng
 Trophy the fallen despot's crown, and sing the victor's song.
 The tyrant bruises thee with haughty heel,
 But all the desolation he has spread,—
 The reeking trophies of his victor steel,
 The sorrowing orphans and the mangled dead,
 The red rain which his hand of slaughter shed,
 The shackles which his pride hath forg'd for thee,—
 Shall fall as bolts of vengeance on his head.
 Weep not, then, Venice, for the day shall be
 Of ruin to thy despot foe—of liberty to thee.

ROSE PHILLIPS.

By HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

PART THE SECOND.

It was one afternoon in September, not a great many years since ; the sky was blue and bright, filled with some masses of white clouds, whose multitudinous convolutions were lighted by as brilliant a sun as ever shone out of heaven. The day was hot for the season ; but there was a delightful air, which occasionally rustled the branches of the trees with such a freshness, and which you felt as a delicious and sweet-smelling coolness in your face, as you sauntered over the green grass, and listened to the perfect stillness which reigned, almost breathing, as you might have fancied, throughout the country. The distant hills, merging and mingling their shadowy blue in the soft green, dotted with clumps and patches of wood, and single trees, interspersed with russet roofs and little gleaming whitewashed cottages, were stretched lengthening out. The sun shone strongly on all surrounding objects, infusing a warmth and summer-like intensity into the life of things about you which was quite enchanting.

Rose was seated at work at her bedroom window. She was singing. A little canary bird, in a small cage hanging outside her window, kept up his tiny trill, as a joyous accompaniment to his mistress's song. A book of poetry was in the window-sill, which she now and then took up and then lay down again, with a sort of careful and conscious economy of her enjoyment, to look out over the bright country.

The window commanded a view of the road which led round into the village. At some distance, by-and-by, she descried a single horseman, riding somewhat quickly in the direction of the cottage. Horse and man were small in their distance. The dust, however, was driving along before the traveller, and he quickly seemed to near the farm buildings. When he had arrived, at the same pace, within fifty yards of the cottage, a countryman unfortunately happened to spring across the stile on the opposite side of the road, and come somewhat suddenly before the horse's head. Whether this sudden appearance of the rustic, or that the hay-fork which he carried over his shoulder was the cause of the accident which resulted I cannot tell, but the horse, evidently a high-spirited creature, shied, and when corrected by the sharp heel of his rider he reared and plunged, half in fright and half in fury. His hard ringing hoofs struck furiously upon the dry dusty road. His eye flamed. His spirit was rising into fierceness, and in an instant, at another prick of the spur, he started off with headlong violence, and galloped madly down the road, which, after a sudden turn, was of a steep descent and difficult. Rose cried out involuntarily in terror, and started up, hastening to her bedroom door in order to run down stairs. In the meantime horseman and horse had disappeared, hidden by the farm buildings and the trees which intercepted the view of the road.

Rose hurried down stairs and out into the enclosure in front of the house. She heard the clattering of hoofs, the running of men, and a confusion of sounds which sufficiently terrified her, and denoted that all was alarm. Before she could get beyond the trees and see down into the road, the woman of the farm rushed up to her from beyond.

"Oh, miss ! oh, miss !—the poor gentleman ! the poor gentleman !—he's off."

Rose did not stay to hear any more, but hurried on. At some distance she

saw two countrymen approaching; they bore what appeared a lifeless body between them. She stood still, her heart beat high, and she felt faint with terror, almost sinking.

In a little while they came up. The farm boy was one of the gentleman's supporters, and the countryman who had been the cause of the accident the other. Rose, after a momentary glance at the gentleman as if to assure herself that he was not dead, told the men to advance at a quicker pace.

The rustics carried their insensible burthen as carefully as they could, but they were evidently causing the unfortunate man pain, from the motion of his head, which, though ineffectually, was apparently endeavouring to steady itself as it oscillated helplessly with every step they took. He was pale as death; his hair was matted, and blood was trickling from his forehead, and soiling his dress.

Rose's tears when she had recovered her first shock fell fast, and she walked on in silence behind the men; she trembled so that she could scarcely walk; and she put on and took off her little bonnet in a strange distress and absence and perplexity; in truth she hardly knew what she was about. She was very pale.

"I haven't asked you," said the countryman, looking back over his shoulder at her, at the same time twitching the muscles of his mouth as well with untaught feeling and rustic concern as through the weight he was bearing in all the ardour of a September afternoon—"but I suppose you will have the poor man taken into your father's?"

"Don't ask the question, Robert," answered Rose; "where else should he be going? Oh, how I wish that my father was here; he could assist us."

Her father was at market, and not expected home until evening. Together they carried the unfortunate rider into the cottage, and seating him in the parlour in an arm chair, they asked of Rose what next they were to do. When set upright his face bore on it the paleness of death, and his head fell heavily and helplessly on his shoulder. His eyes were closed. He was much more like a dead man than a living one.

Rose had him carried up stairs, and put in her father's bed; she then sent off the countryman to the village for the apothecary. This person was to be reckoned the only surgeon for a considerable distance; at least he was the only man who added that title to a name which stood over his door as John Wilson. Mr. Wilson had all the surgical business to himself within a circuit only excluding the next town of any consequence.

Rose was indefatigable in her attentions to the disabled man. His room, under her direction, was soon filled with all the apparatus to which recourse is had in similar extremities; in fact, she had herself much to do. Her servant, though willing enough, had none of that promptitude and dexterity so necessary, and which distinguished her ready-witted as well as open-hearted young mistress.

Mr. Wilson arrived as quickly as his other engagements, or his fear concerning them, permitted. He was a man not so precipitate in his movements as to not provide that nothing more pressing, or as equally urgent, would turn up in his absence from his emporium of drugs and advice. He entered the house with the unmistakable doctor's air, walked up stairs softly and composedly, tapped at the chamber door, and examined the sufferer through spectacles which he had previously passed his handkerchief over at the bedside, and adjusted across a thin learned nose; he put a question or two, without attending to the answers, to Rose, who stood opposite.

The unfortunate man had previously to the doctor's arrival shown signs of returning consciousness, and had spoken a word or two, though in scarcely articulate tones. Now he lay with his head on the pillow, pale indeed, but with the blood staunch, and with the frightful tokens at least of his accident removed from his person: his collar was removed. He was a young man, apparently about five-and-twenty years of age, with a noble and lofty expres-

sion, of which his present condition, lamentable as it was, could not wholly do away the effect. His features were handsome, and his person prepossessing.

The doctor's opinion of his state was not favourable. In answer to his questions Mr. Wilson gathered that the gentleman had been thrown upon his head, and had fallen insensible on the spot; that with slight intervals of consciousness he had remained in the same powerless state up to the moment at which he was then able to see and come to a judgment for himself.

After giving the case considerable though formal attention, and displaying more interest in the situation of the unfortunate man than might from his business air and self-occupation and complacency have been looked for, Mr. Wilson withdrew, promising to call again in the evening.

Rose brought her work into the chamber of the traveller, and was unflagging during the remainder of the day in her solicitude over him. About six o'clock he opened his eyes; gazing vaguely and vacantly about him for some time, and apparently endeavouring to gather his senses, he inquired where he was, and what was the matter. To these restless inquiries Rose would give no answer except placing her finger on her lip, and whispering in her own gentle voice that he was in safety, but must by no means speak.

Evening brought back John Phillips, Rose's father, and he was not a little surprised at the account which awaited him, and the scene he witnessed on entering the bedroom, when the confusion which filled his quiet house rose to its height. But he was too charitable a man, and had too much of the Good Samaritan in his composition not to thoroughly approve all that his daughter had done for the stranger under the circumstances.

"My darling Rose," said he, "your own father—and dearly you know he loves you—could not himself have wished you to act better. Poor girl, you have had enough to do."

Rose threw herself into her father's arms and kissed him.

"Oh, I have done nothing—nothing," she cried; "you would have done just as much yourself, father; but, perhaps, not being a woman, you would not have been quite so handy at it. Men are only fit, you know, to run for the doctor, and that you might have done," she added, gently laughing, and with a touch of archness. "He has been in such dreadful pain, but I hope—I believe he is better now."

The patient indeed seemed better, for he fixed his eyes on the father and daughter as they entered, and essayed to speak, but was prevented by both. Thinking that his repose might be furthered by their leaving his room, father and daughter went below.

Mr. Wilson came in the evening according to promise; on seeing his patient he pronounced that the gentleman was in an alarming state of fever, and that his condition demanded unremitting care and the closest attendance.

I have little intention and still less desire to detail succeeding circumstances in the stranger's illness: day after day passed on. Through the anxiety of the critical period when fever was at its height, through the long, long hours of his slowly-advancing convalescence, did Rose unceasingly watch, bestowing an attention, and evincing that deep interest in his recovery, of which only such an enthusiastic and intense nature as her own was capable. She watched by night, when silence invested the earth, and nothing stirred or sounded except the old clock, whose tick was heard down stairs drowsily oscillating to the low respirations of the sleeping sufferer. She read to him in the daytime. When weary with books she looked out of the window for him, and reported with childish minuteness all that was passing without—all for no other purpose than to amuse or add to his comfort, or assuage and beguile his pain. All this, however, was not of sudden growth. Weeks the strange gentleman lay in that same bed, or sitting up in an arm chair in that same room; and he was rescued from something as near death as could well be, solely by the constant care and untiring and enthusiastic watchfulness of Rose.

This progress of affairs was pregnant with danger, though no one saw it as

being so. Her charitable feelings and her humanity were at first interested in the fate of her attempts at the restoration to health of the stranger; but I will not deny that subsequently other feelings were induced, and struck root in this so constant and hazardous communication. He was continually in her sight—was constantly at her side. Her daily thoughts took the one direction. She had found an object around which all the floating and womanly tenderness that pervaded her youthful mind might unconsciously centre; this, too, was under circumstances presenting themselves in such natural and easy gradation that there was nothing to shock, or arouse, or provoke the mind's inquiry into itself. She sunk involuntarily, as it seemed, into the delicious dream; nor was it rendered less seductive or less exciting by the air of suddenness, and romance, and poetry which it bore. And Rose was very romantic; her tenderness, her love, her interest were called out. She had all the innocent little pride engendered by those tokens of returning health which were the best return for her care, and which seemed effects of her causing. She delighted to consider that she—she in her own person—she, the little Rose—had been able to do that which doctors could not do, and that it was she who had restored Henry Walsingham to life. All this time she never dreamt what any one else could have told her, that she had fallen in love with him. Her father never imagined that there was danger to his daughter in all this: it never occurred to him. He saw in her conduct nothing but proper attention to a human creature under the most afflicting of all circumstances. He felt pride that his daughter could prove so unselfish, so truly good, so practically benevolent as to resign all her accustomed pleasures without a murmur—nay, with even delight—and permit her attendance on the stranger to become a regular and daily occupation.

Walsingham's restoration to health was gradual: he first could sit up in bed, propped by pillows, and answer the doctor in a voice which, though weak, betrayed in its responses intelligence; the mind of a gentleman was displayed in all he said. From this he progressed to sitting in an arm-chair at the window, listening to Rose reading, or talking with her. At length as he grew better and stronger, and his colour returned to him, he found his way down stairs, and the farmer being a great deal out of doors, Henry spent the time, while Rose worked, in talking to her. Oh, the delicious hours that were conversed away in this manner. Rose thought she was listening to a voice, and to language, and to things she had in her most romantic dreams only deemed *possible*. Henry Walsingham's mind was cultivated; he was a scholar, had read immensely, and possessed such a captivating, such a fluent and dazzling mode of delivering his opinions, and pouring out the literary treasures with which his mind was stored, that it was no wonder that when he spoke Rose, drinking in delight and fascination from his explanations and narratives, could do little more than listen. Rose's imagination was quick, and readily excited; and in these delightful yet dangerous interviews, and prolonged and secluded conversations, Henry and Rose lived years of romance.

It is not to be supposed that Henry Walsingham had not by this time informed his new acquaintances—acquaintances which circumstances had ripened into friends—of some particulars of his condition in the world, and his history. He was the younger son of a gentleman of property in London: he had had the advantage of such an education, combined with and assisted by unusual talents, as seldom falls to the lot, or at least is seldom taken advantage of, by young men of expectations. But Henry was a remarkable young man, and therefore from his constant companionship with her all the more dangerous a friend to Rose, with a mind constituted as hers was, and with feelings so quick and sensitive.

Poor Rose, knowing little of the world, fancied all this pleasantness to be last for ever. The cottage all at once to her had grown into the very temple of content—it seemed a fairy palace; when she was out its very thatched roof and old chimneys looked more picturesque and pleasing than others; it seemed a possession which she had in her heart, which was her own, which she must

preserve, and to which her heart fell instantly back as a hoarded reserve of happiness when she heard people speak of bitterness and woe. Nothing could induce her to stop away from home for a night. None of her acquaintance, however she might be pleased with them, none of her friends, however attached she might be to them, could offer her sufficient to make her waver in her announcement that she was *going home*—going home to one who was too rapidly becoming another self. Home was her Paradise: there was somebody there that she was perpetually thinking about, to whom she found her mind constantly recurring, however unlikely might be the subject which brought her thoughts round to him. His image was blended with every natural object she encountered; and in every scene that rose before her view she pictured him as filling some part, of being present in it, of coming to or somehow belonging to it. If he spoke of London, or of his family, there was, despite herself, a strange feeling of dislike of the subject; she felt uneasy—and yet at she knew not what—and a vague fear combined with shapeless anxiety; but any little anecdote relating to himself, any meagre item of intelligence respecting him, became to her so valuable that it printed itself in her memory. She felt ashamed of remembering everything about him so perfectly well. Against herself she thought over a hundred little foolish circumstances—they stood up distinctly—she had them all (really) by heart. She saw all his history in action, heard his voice in all its shifting scenery, painted a thousand pictures of him with other people; but for some singular reason always omitted to introduce women, except to be passed over with indifference and neglected by him.

It was now later in the year. It was one evening, mild for the season and misty, that Rose and Henry sat as usual in the little parlour. The day was sufficiently cold for a fire, and there it was crackling and flaming in the fireplace with cheerful activity. Day was departing; the fields opposite the window looked dull and solitary. Henry was now restored to perfect health; he had been out nearly all day, and had visited the neighbouring town. Warm with his exercise, for he had walked all the distance, and in good spirits, he sat at the open window, while Rose sat knitting beside it too, though sheltered by the wall to be out of the draught.

"What an industrious little woman you are, Rose," said Henry, after looking at her some time; "I fear that I have interrupted some of your work, and endangered your usefulness, by telling you the long rambling tales I have."

"Now I know you don't mean that; I could hear them all over again, and never be tired," answered Rose. "You have told me often to have an interested listener is a rare advantage, Henry—I mean Mr. Henry," she continued, correcting herself, and looking for the moment rather more closely into her words—"and I have been an interested listener, I hope."

"That you have—that you have, Rose; and what a dear good—good-for-nothing you are, Rose. You are the best friend I have; for what"—and Henry's voice shook as he added—"what might I have been if it had not been for you? Was not ours an extraordinary meeting? And when I go back to London what a story I shall have to tell."

"When you go back!" repeated Rose, as if she were willing to put back the idea as far as possible, or make it seem as if it could only be entertained at some indefinite time.

"Really," continued Henry, "I feel almost as if I could remain here for ever in this dear good old place; but spite of my spirits now, I have been very melancholy all day; parting with old friends, and such inestimable friends, is painful."

Rose did not see to what he was alluding; she imagined, if she endeavoured to imagine anything, that what he said had reference to the in some way giving up his connections in London, or that he had heard of the loss of some one he knew. So firmly was one idea rooted in her mind (that he must stop there), and so lamentably ignorant was she of worldly ways, and skillless in the necessities of this unromantic world.

"Your father will miss me, Rose, I am sure; nay, even the cat, and your fine dog Brutus, that I must beg of you, if you will let me have him. I—I must—" Henry faltered and changed his expressions. "I am going to leave the cottage."

Henry said this with a forced lightness, and turning his head away, for the words pained him.

There seemed a difference in the silence of the room the moment after he had heard his own words.

A curtain seemed to fall over the landscape to Rose. Her eyes seemed to fix—a strange dull heavy pain went into her heart—something there was as if to press her temples. She turned pale, and looked the closer into her work, and spite of every effort her hand shook, and she dropped a stitch.

Henry could not see her face, and was puzzled by her silence. Sometimes with the actual evidence before our eyes how blind are we. "Why, Rose, you do not speak," he said; "I really thought"—

Henry did not proceed, for he felt hurt, and could not get out the rest of his words.

Woman's strong pride, instinctive as it is, came to Rose's rescue; she looked up and smiled, but it was such a smile, to be compared to nothing but sunshine on a cold white tomb: her soft eyes filled with tears, and her beautiful face grew paler; but she could not have answered Henry with a word if her life had depended on it.

"What a fool! what an idiot I am," he exclaimed, "to doubt you for a moment. Rose, forgive me for thinking that you could hear of my departure with such mortifying indifference; I know that I am something better to you than that, and that it will be some time before you forget me."

Rose would have said that she never could forget him, but the words would not rise to her lips; she gathered up her work, not trusting herself even to look at him, and went straight upstairs to her room. And what did she do when she reached her room? She turned the key in her door mechanically, and locked herself in, opened her window, sat down at it, and looked out upon the country in such a reverie, and in such deep absorbing self-forgetfulness, that had the fiercest of storms been raging without she would have seen and heard nothing of it.

PART THE THIRD.

As far as appearances went Rose remained much about the same as before that terrible truth was laid bare to her—Henry's projected departure from the cottage. Much disturbance had of course been felt by his friends in London on hearing of his alarming accident; but Henry, on recovering sufficient command of his mind to write to town, had for some unexplained reasons of his own, which probably scarcely took shape even to his own understanding, softened the details, and had represented his case as of much slighter importance than in reality it was. When he wrote again he was recovering. He drew, as associated with the place where he was staying, such an encouraging picture of his advances towards health (for Walsingham had been but in an indifferent state for some time, and was at the very time that he encountered the Phillips family travelling for change of air and diversion), that his father was perfectly willing, and expressed as much, that he should remain where he was benefiting so greatly, little dreaming all the time that his son had been near death. But circumstances had since occurred in London which necessitated Henry's presence; a letter had recently been received from his father, in which was desired his immediate return home: some doubt and a slight misgiving was expressed as to the real character of that which was detaining Henry so long in the country, and in a neighbourhood so secluded and obscure.

Henry was strongly attached to his father, who was a liberal and considerate

man. His father looked upon his son (his only son) naturally as the prop of his family, so gifted was he by nature with the requisites of rising in the world, backed as they always must be by fortunate adventitious circumstances; Henry could therefore ill bear illusions which he felt were unmerited, but which his judgment justified, under the circumstances, as being entertained with probability. Restored to health, he felt all his habitual vigour of mind revive, and his restlessness and impatience of inactivity return to him. The cottage wore a dull look, which not even all the grace and assiduity, and the unconscious allurements of Rose were adequate to dispel; Henry thought of her only as a friend—as perhaps a dear sister. In such character he prized her, and would probably have gone any length in her service; but emotions of a tender nature had formed no part of his intercourse with her, possibly from the fact of there being such abundant opportunity for their growth and indulgence, for love is contradictory, and springs up frequently from a succession of disappointed little hopes connected with its object, much employment of mind in guessing and speculation, and, in some natures, from scattered sights, few and far between, with incidents sufficient, and consciousness enough, to pique the curiosity, and occupy the mind, until the same interrupted repetition.

Three days was Rose preparing, by thought of it, for Henry's departure. Though it may sound strange, in her state of mind, and with her strong feelings, there was no visible alteration in her demeanour—no dulness, no apparent pain; she remained the same as during that blessed period in which she had enjoyed sound though simple happiness—when she had thought of and dreaded no danger. While he was in her eyes, living in the same house with her, there was no *realisation* of this coming dread, and she shook that thought from her with success. We should be late in learning that, although the bitter trial—separation, is coming, that it is not until we are left alone with our hollow heart in the wide world that we feel the full extent of our desolation, finding that we have nothing left to cling to, or throw our eyes upon.

At length that day did come—it was bright and sunshiny—that day so full of fate to poor Rose. Farmer Phillips' parting good-byes were friendly. Henry shook his hand warmly, and reiterated to him he should never forget his kindness. How could I express what Rose felt? She experienced a world of emotion so new, so strong, that she lived a year of feeling in the short ten minutes in which her father, Henry, and herself, were for the last time together. Such scenes—such stormy pictures of the heart, shrink before the attempt to describe them. Let each look into the microcosm of his own heart, and recal, if he ever in his list of this world's trials played such a part, or one similar to it, what he felt at such a moment.

Rose's parting farewell was *friendly*—friendly in appearance; but she was doing that which we are all obliged to do sometimes—act. The world would, though its senses might have been sharpened to observation, have detected nothing extraordinary in that farewell; there were, however, one or two slight indications which would have told a volume to a penetrating eye.

The last sound of the hoofs of Henry's horse died away; the one or two persons gathered at the outside gate, talking of him in drowsy tones, and looking up the road after him, disappeared. Everything about the farm resumed its usual aspect; even Rose, though she moved more slowly and fixedly, kept below stairs. She did not seek solitude, until as afternoon came, and as the old clock struck four, the full tide of her desolation seemed to rush upon her at once with the sound; she went up stairs to her little bedroom, and, kneeling down, she buried her face in the bed clothes, and cried as if her heart was breaking. But her tears flowed silently, for her sorrow was to be unheard; that old clock, with its placid striking in the silence of the house, and that terrible recollection "*he was away*," had done the mischief.

Days passed. The farmer's conversation often took a turn which brought Henry forward. The good old man was, when he thought about it, somewhat puzzled that his talk should seem to interest Rose so slightly, and that she

should say so little about Henry, and seem to recal him so faintly. Honest man! he forgot, or did not know, that often that which most occupies our thoughts is the seldomest trusted to our lips; we doubt our ability to stand the expression of that, without making it known, the weight of which is bearing us down.

Rose's usual daily employments proceeded, but her duties were listlessly discharged. She entered upon her amusements without interest; they seemed tasks; she languidly changed them, and found weariness in every renewal. She sat more in her own room than ever; she held the book tightly in her hand, and, conscious that her mind was not with it, spelt over the first page or two with pertinacious exactness; but shortly her thoughts would grow misty, her memory wandered, and she would find her eye passing mechanically over the words, while her mind was anywhere but with her book. A sense of slow, and wistful, and languishing weariness, of hollowness of heart, would then come over her; she would look vacantly abroad, and, buried in a reverie, watch without attention the slow and melancholy flight of the single crow, passing silently, a dark speck, over the distant sky; or turn her heavy and reluctant eyes to the waving of the nearer trees, everything looking so still in the country quiet, everything looking so lonely and spiritless.

Poor Rose was in love; all is summed up in that single word—love. Absence and separation rested like the weary load they seem upon her heart—her heart was away, indeed, in other places, her mind was in other scenes; all nature was a tasteless phantasmagoria.

“And the day did have a sun,
Which did make her wish it done.”

There is in that silent homage of the heart, that wordless devotion which despiseth sounds, that loving trustfulness that ever gives and never asks, that perfect and accumulate respect and admiration which look alone, in all their sincerity, through eyes that seem to see nought else in the world, a language and an eloquence burning with purpose, and a warmth and tender intensity really beautiful. Love has the power of causing every object to assume a new aspect; in its atmosphere things lose their qualities, render up themselves, and become something else; it heightens the world to a loftier eminence; it gives it an increased value, throwing strong interest into certain things, those which are associated with it and imbued with its tenderly-coloured spirit; but it invests all which does not belong to it with tenfold dreariness.

“They parted—ne’er to meet again:
But one at least ne’er found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.”

Love is a twilight sort of landscape, filled with unearthly shades; its lights are fairy lights. Oh, with what intense feeling does it invest everything! It makes things speak to you. But in those melancholy voices you gather only the reiteration of that languor and pain which seem to pervade all objects of sense, and all emotion. Your senses, like those of the sick man, seem sharpened to actual pain in the disordered state of your mind. Your emotions are but gushes of love, and regretful, languishing bitterness. Every shape and shade of feeling is brightened, though with doubt, or more than doubt, it is but a pale brilliance by the soft light of the presence of the one loved object. Your thoughts run in the one channel, and if diverted, as they sometimes must, by the hardness and roughness of life and its coarse realities, they chafe against

the interruption with a sullen discontent, and then glide back again with a pleased powerlessness, and the nerveless incapacity to resist. Love strips off our mail piece by piece, wins our spear from our strengthless and reluctant hand, and unhelms us. We are no longer fit to combat with the strong world; though sometimes a higher elevation of sentiment and added power, the strength of the spirit over the real and artificial, are given by love; under its influence our heart is taken away, and one is given us of water; we are only fit for perfumes, and roses, and bright skies, and languid, idle self-entertainment. We want to dream life away, and we fill our mind with reveries all having reference to our love. We live in love's atmosphere; rough weather shocks our delicate frames; an Italian spring is round us.

There is vast poetry in love. What an interest hangs over not only the person of the object of our affections, for that is ethereal, but all which surrounds her. We are restless everywhere except in the house which contains her; we are uneasy except at her side, and watching her eyes, and listening to her words, and dwelling on the countless expressions which charm us so, and for which we watch, as the Shepherd of old, from the plains of the East, searched in the starry space above for the "one bright particular star," which seemed to shine for him alone. If unsuccessful, all these delights are turned to bitterness, and only supply food for our gnawing heat and feverish dissatisfaction, lamplight for the dark cavern of our dejection. In either case, and if we are separated, what a space presents its blank deformity between! Hopeless, dead, waste and drear, in which nothing seems to exist but that sense of distance—intolerable distance—interposing its uncertainty, or, more than uncertainty, its possibilities between us and the one bright light of our lives. All the world seems concentrated into one spot, and all the sunshine of the world accumulates upon it. That single spot is the home of our mind, the heaven of our hope; it is that to which the eagle, thought, constantly recurs, though with iron wing, lightning swift, he beat the air an age of leagues away, forced by circumstance to voyage the dark wide sea of ordinary life. Around that spot cling memories and dreams—brightest bubbles which have been successively crushed to smoke in the grasp of reality—flowers which shone like flights of sparks from Etna, trodden into the dust, leaving an odour only to attest that such have been. These dreams of the heart are as sunbeams which have been put out by clouds. This life of visions, this unsubstantial Paradise of the imagination, is a reflected gleam, glassed by effect, not cause; it is as the twilight of colours whose fulness of light has faded.

The sunshine is brighter, the sky is more blue, the trees are greener, the birds sing more sweetly, the wind is softer in that place where she who hath our heart abideth than anywhere in the wide world besides. The cloud passes in the summer sky with more of silence and of peace over that spot than any other. Everything, every object of sense, is stamped deep with interest; we envy those voiceless existences because they are real things in the presence of the one we love; they see her, they hear her, she is in their eyes, while we are condemned to banishment, eating our heart in dumb despair. The silence mocketh us; we ask the echoes tidings, we conjure the sun that he may speak. Happy are they who live in the same house with her; they, and the people in their neighbourhood, are somehow different from all the rest of the world; we like them better; we think more about them; we have a fellow feeling with them; we love them because they are near her who has our heart; they are our friends from that simple circumstance, our friends for ever, our hearts' relations, because they know her movements, her incomings and outgoings; they hear her voice, and, supreme pleasure! she talks to them, she speaks of them, they share the little incidents of life in her company. Under all circumstances, in thinking of her we make them the sharers of her locality, which sheds its light upon them, and which imparts, through its own inherent strength, some of its own surpassing importance to all within its reach, and them in consequence. Is not any woman complimented in such a love—such an all-pervading attachment as this?

At such times what luxury is it to scale the height of your gloom, and bitterness, and melancholy, and pride, and on its solitary crags, with nothing human about you, to glance down through clouds on the landscape which was light, but on which the sun has now gone in.

Oh, where are the faces, and the presences, and the voices which have made our hearts flutter, our very spirits ache, and then waned away? Gone! and they rest but memories in the heart. They are phantoms, lovely, that cross the magician's circle, and you love, and they leave you for ever and ever. One smile, and then the darkness and doubt of the mystery of years; they pass away, and leave you but the memory of an echo you can never hear again.

Thus time wore on sadly with poor Rose. She was one of the deserted ones, loving for the first time with all the intenseness of her nature, living a short summer's day of happiness, to be succeeded by such a twilight, deepening every moment into darkness. All her old amusements became distasteful to her, and all except reading were resigned one by one, yet so gradually that her want of interest in them, and her abandonment, scarcely became matter of remark or particular notice even to herself. She quite lost her spirits—moved slowly and thoughtfully about the house. She was continually in an absence, and often when spoken to would rouse herself as if with an exertion, and look round her like one just awakened. Her first answers would be wide of the mark, and from their inconsequence would have attracted attention, had those with whom she was in company been of a more penetrating turn; as it was, she maintained sufficient command over herself, by an appearance of hurry and sudden interest in any trifle, to successfully divert notice, which was something she grew to dislike and dread—nay, to feel a nervous alarm at. And thus she contrived to raise up a shield before her, behind which her heart might break.

Poor—poor Rose! Hers was indeed a trial. The contrast of her present dull, heavy, uninteresting life with the time she had previously spent when he was in the house, and she was watching and waiting on him, and when she heard his voice, grew insupportable. She would weep for hours in solitude; she would sometimes put on her bonnet, if the day was fine enough for a walk, stroll up the hill slowly, and then rest on the hill-brow, and stand watching the distant stretch of country sleeping so peacefully in the sun. The solitude and silence fell upon her heart like a melancholy weight; all was so still, all was so quiet and peaceful; and there was the road winding off into the faint distance, and apparently carrying, as it serpentine, every object into miniature, as well as her heart with it. There were the soft blue hills, faint and dreamy, and spiritlike as the languishing life of shadowy, sickly love that she was leading. That way lay London. She longed, with a wish, to be where she caught a particular object small on the horizon, since it was onward—onward. She languished to be somewhere else than where she was, panting with love's own restlessness for change, yearning towards that one place where he was, and which was far, far away. She felt herself bound to one particular spot with ligatures which held her in their dragon clasp. The things which she saw around her to her mind

“Were chains of lead around her flight of fire.”

Her situation, too, lonely as everything reminded her, and with a spirit like hers, was least of all calculated to arouse her to exertion, to beguile her from the despairing passion which occupied her, or to chase away that deep dejection which seemed to have settled around her. Everything about her—her home, her father, and the old familiar faces with which the farm and its neighbourhood were peopled, had before that fatal meeting been all that she desired or could desire; but her heart was regenerate unconsciously. Henry's visit had changed her nature; a new world had opened to her, which made her old—that rustic life she had led, coarse, distasteful, and torpid. Her father was every thing which she could desire; he would have been all to her had she remained that same Rose who had been wont to welcome him daily with such unoccupied and lighthearted affection. But love has sad treachery; it re-colours all our

objects, it seduces the mind from its obligations, selfishly averting our eyes from things best prized; family affection will give way before it, yielding to a fiercer love. It recoils from what it deems awkwardness and a want of sympathy, forgetting that the best-meant sympathies must fail before its intoxication. It poisons the mind, and insinuates comparisons between the impossible standard in its mind and what it encounters, necessarily uninteresting because ordinary. How must individuals suffer in such an unjust comparison! The best would fail before the faultless idealities conjured up; and where companions and associates happen to be less adapted than ordinary to sympathise with the refined and romantic, or too dull to respond, even to understand the quick affections, the disparity must be still more mournful. And such, indeed, was poor Rose's case.

So Rose had no companions into whose bosom she could pour her sorrows, no friend to whom she could impart her load of grief, or even hint such things as were in her mind, therefore was she compelled to take her own thoughts for confidants, and wonder not if in catching the sickly sadness of her wasting and pining mind, their bloom slowly but surely faded, and they became but as pale spectres of themselves. Her thoughts, indeed, became as her silent but inexorable executioners, who performed their office gently, it is true, but unrelentingly, and destroyed her in mystery and darkness. Compelled to smile whilst she clasped to her bosom the arrows that were transfixing her heart, she bowed her head and sunk to death. Love pitied while it tortured, and the cloud dropped tears while it enveloped her. All was sharpened to agony in her forlorn and exclusively self-occupied condition.

Months passed away: the winter had come and gone. Matters progressed in much the same train. The farm still remained just as it had been, though such a change had fallen upon her who had heretofore been life and spirit. Spring was returning; every day the green in the hedges was more broadly displayed. The trees put on their verdant livery; the sun grew stronger, cold disappeared, and the first breathings of summer were felt in the quiet valleys, where the bright grass now waved welcome to the white clouds in the deep blue sky.

Friends and neighbours noticed that Rose's cheek was grown pale, and that her beautiful soft eyes had become dim. There was a steady sadness in her hollow eye that alarmed. Her quiet smile, which told so much of pain, of protracted though concealed suffering, was not infrequent, though always the same. If she laughed, which was very seldom, something seemed to come over her which checked her in the midst of her false and forced merriment; she would then turn to the window, and hide her emotion under the cover of thoughtless spirits.

And what of Henry all this while? Had he entirely forgotten the inhabitants of that farm-house whose moss-grown walls had witnessed so much of fate to him?—of how much more to one who had watched and tended him with more than a sister's affection? Had he forgotten *her* who had never ceased remembering him? Letters after his departure were frequent; in these he spoke warmly of his obligations to the farmer, and begged all sorts of assurances to Rose. Her eye, however, quickly caught the cold "your daughter," and her spirit fainted at that of which she had convinced herself long since. Henry felt well at first; but time weakens impressions, the strongest though they be. As prints in the sand are gradually effaced by the sea, so our heart-impressions yield, spite of our resistance, in the daily broadening tide of new circumstances. Time overpowers former lights with others stronger in proportion to their newness. Henry's letters, and assurances, too, grew gradually scantier; his warmth subsided into thanks, thanks into politeness. Longer intervals took place between the visits of the welcome postman; those were dead weeks to Rose in which no step of his was heard in the entry. At last, when spring advanced, letters ceased altogether. Hope, however, still kept deluding Rose; she occupied herself with improbabilities which, though her judgment ought to have rejected, she felt delight in conjuring up.

"Hope its sickness feeds

With whatsoe'er it finds—or flowers, or weeds."

It was one tea time in June, when the days were at the longest, after a beautiful day, that the farmer brought in from "The Wheatsheaf," the inn of the village, a London newspaper, as might have been expected, of somewhat ancient date. Mr. Phillips never thought himself so happy as when he could thus amuse himself in the evening. He lighted his pipe, and puffed and read alternately for some time. Rose sat quietly working; the only token of her presence was now and then a gentle sigh, so low that you might not have heard it. The old clock still went on drowsily *tick-tack, tick-tacking* as of old in the passage. The farmer's dog lay sleeping at his feet. After her father had been reading through almost an hour of silence, Rose was suddenly startled by his abruptly calling out—

"By Jove I'm glad of it—glad almost as if he had been my own son; he's a fine fellow, and I hope he'll be happy. There goes my pipe. Come, I must have something good in honour of the event. Rose, my darling, look there; look here, my dear girl. Though I almost think he might have asked us up to town to it."

Farmer Phillips pushed the paper over to Rose, and hardly seemed as if he knew whether he was to laugh or cry. She took it up. Poor girl! she was nervous and puzzled; her hand shook dreadfully, for slight things now painfully agitated her.

The avalanche that was to crush her rested a moment ere it descended.

"What is it, father? I can't find the place; I can't find it, indeed." She was so weak that she began to weep even because she could not find the place. But there was an awful feeling at her heart, which seemed something sadder—sterner still. She turned the crumpled newspaper hurriedly over and over, smelling as it did of beer and tobacco, and such was her agitation that it rustled in her hand. Her unsuspecting father little imagined what torture he was about to administer to her with his own hand; he re-adjusted his spectacles, hunted for the place for her with agonising assiduity, doubled it down, put the paper once more into her hands, and pointed with his finger amongst the marriages to

"Yesterday, at St. James's Church, Henry Walsingham, Esq., son of George Walsingham, Esq., of 15, Harley-street, to Emily, only daughter of Robert Kerr Gordon, Esq., of Richmond, Surrey."

There it was; it seemed to live, to move. It was as a dagger to Rose—the words seemed of fire. That cold, methodical chronicle—what a mockery there was between its commonplace and the effect! Correct, punctuated as an advertisement might be of dressing cases and calico.

Such is the world, mingling something ludicrous with its most terrible incidents. The artificer sings whilst he polishes the sword; words are set up, as in Rose's instance, with all the unconscious indifference in the world, which are literally to kill. Woe and whistling seem to go together. Cloud and sunshine, sunshine and cloud, are the alternations. Little do we suspect that in life's inn, perhaps in the very next room to us, that print stabs hope, and love, and life, which we but a short while before passed under our eye in that vacant, easy-hearted indifference which for amusement at such idle time will swell even the absurdest trifle into importance.

Mean the means, but great the end; that fatal newspaper was a death-blow to Rose. She could not resist; she fainted, and by the unsuspecting household was she removed to bed.

Mine is not a tale of sudden stroke; I have no aim to excite pity in recounting the circumstances of a blighted life, nor of impressively closing with a quick decease. Rose and her father, and all persons mentioned in this little history, were people who lived in the world; if there is romance in their story they did not seek it. Events made their natural impression upon them, but no more. Rose, as I have before made known to you, was exceedingly ill long before this fatal and yet unexpected confirmation of her worst fears; she was worn gradually down, for none could have supported longer than a certain time such a consuming and yet infatuated melancholy. Hers was a perfect desola-

tion of the affections, whose sickness killed. Hundreds may not understand it, but I fear such cases are more frequent than we are willing to admit.

Her father was gradually prepared for Rose's sinking. When all hope was even departing he did no more than attribute to the suddenness of the news—interested as he knew Rose to be in Henry Walsingham—a precipitating of that end to which he had grown accustomed to look forward. So Rose day by day grew worse and worse, and declined like the blighted lily which hangs its head upon its stalk and dies. Straightforward and commonplace talk was talked, and reasonable conclusions were assigned as to the cause of Rose's tragedy, and there was an end.

She did not quickly go. Lingered long, she sunk to rest so peacefully, so meekly did she resign herself to her sad fate, mingling such tearful yet such tender resignation with a hopeful courage, that the very grave seemed to resign its awe, and to become something beautiful when she descended into it.

All this latter time I was much in the house. During his daughter's illness I relieved the poor father, as a matter of business, of the cares of his farm; relinquishing these, and everything else, he devoted himself to an unceasing watch, which if anything might, would have saved his daughter. But fate had written it otherwise. May I die as peacefully as Rose. May such blessed clouds as slowly and softly gather round *my* decaying light as encircled the pure, the sainted death-bed of that beloved girl.

In that solitary church-yard is a single white stone—the last seen in the summer twilight—and on it are the words—"ROSE PHILLIPS, died September 22nd, 18—, aged 25 years."

THE HALLOWED SCROLL.

"The Jews would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of paper in their way, but take it up, for possibly, say they, the name of God may be on it. Apply it unto men—trample not any; there may be some work of grace that thou knowest not of; the name of God may be written on that soul upon which thou dost trample."

See "*Hebrew Researches*."

"The words of the neglected page,

"That at thy feet doth lie,

"May own the thoughts of bright presage,

"To lift the soul on high."

Thus spoke the pious Hebrew's glance,

Whose foot had never trod

On meanest scroll that bore, perchance,

The hallow'd name of God.

And if a name of man ye trace,

To trample still forbear,

For there may be some work of grace

Already written there;

Crush not a name that owns a soul

To be of God the shrine;

He that from atoms form'd the whole

May make that name divine.

MORAL COURAGE.

By MISS EDWARDS.

"Be calm, my friend! be easy and sedate,
And bend your soul to every state;
However fortune smiles, or knits her brow,
Let not your passions rise too high, or sink too low."

MANY a man, though not gifted with first-rate intellect, may date his well-doing in the world from the possession of that useful gift, moral courage; and, alas! on the contrary, how many a superior youth, with fine abilities, sweet disposition, and noble generous sentiments, has been ruined through not cultivating that excellent and valuable aid so necessary to happiness.

There must always be a severe struggle to bring this high principle into action, for amusement, pleasure, selfishness, indolence, the fear of ridicule, and a thousand nameless hindrances, will require to be combatted in its exercise. When pride, and the indulgence of our passions, which are harder taskmasters than the Egyptians of old, throw their "magic dust" around, the prospect roughens, persevering toil must ensue,

"And endless combats with our grosser sense,
Oft lost and oft renewed,"

ere we breathe the purer air above the scene of strife; and it will be found necessary to keep a watchword always in remembrance,—on, on, on in the path of duty, must be the motto for ever engraved in the mind and on the heart.

Many would consider this complete slavery; but when this principle has from education and habit taken possession of the mind, it will be found a safe and influential guide in all our actions; and how sweet and satisfactory the knowledge of doing what is right, even at the expense of self-gratification.

It is no proof of moral courage to resent an imaginary indignity, or quarrel with a superior in power; in the first case the aggrieved is sure to be crushed at the moment, and perhaps his future prospects injured or, may-be, even ruined for life; but by calmly submitting for a time to the pangs attendant on wounded feelings, or remonstrating quietly against injustice, the man of good sense achieves the most pleasing species of satisfaction, which only he who possesses moral courage can acquire.

"Curb thy soul
And check thy rage, which must be rul'd or rule."

A man of a lively turn will be in danger if he does not act up to some standard, instead of turning amusement into dissipation, and thus frittering away valuable time. It is necessary to health of mind and body to follow some useful pursuit.

Suppose a man's fortune to be so great that no personal efforts are necessary to procure his own and family's daily bread. Yet that very estate is so great a charge committed to his care, that if he be a man of reflection, it will be employment enough for him to turn his possessions to good account.

As communicating knowledge is the duty of a wise man, so the properly disposing of the yearly income is the duty of the rich man.

"Eugenius was a man of universal good nature, and possessing a generosity of spirit more extensive than his fortune; but withal so prudent in the economy

of his affairs, that what he gave in charity was made up in good management; he even prescribed to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of charity and set aside what would be the current expenses of those times for the use of the poor."

The great thing is to follow amusement only as a recreation, for all will find it physically necessary to have some measure of relaxation and entertainment.

Half the miseries of human life might be avoided had men but courage to do what is right; the man who allows himself to be led into expenses which he cannot afford, merely because he is ashamed not to make an equal appearance with those of his associates on whom fortune has been more lavish of her favours, and thus brings himself into difficulties, is indeed to be pitied. Many a good resolution has at first been neglected, and even entirely given up for fear of ridicule. Oh! beware of this, it does more mischief to the youthful mind when there is not sufficient strength of purpose to resist its temptations than can be imagined, the consequences are fearful, for interest, reputation, and even virtue and religion, are too often sacrificed, owing to its baneful influence.

"The buckler of integrity
Throw broadly o'er thy breast;
Thy helmet let bright honour be,
And truth thy stainless crest."

As we ought not to live for ourselves alone, indolence and selfishness must be rooted out of our natures, if we wish to be of use to others, for in all classes men are more or less dependent on each other for their comforts and happiness, and each ought to contribute his share to the well-being of society; and every one, however small his intellect, may make himself useful.

The prospects of men of genius are too often blighted for want of firmness and industry; and it is melancholy to see fine talents run to waste because their cultivation is neglected, instead of securing the bliss which attends the refinement and elevation of mind consequent on industry.

"All is the gift of industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful."

God will help those who help themselves; talent is no light gift, but greatness will only be attained by its culture, and should fortune for a time throw cloudy shadows over our undertakings, firmness will drive away despair, and "when once we form a good resolution, and prove stedfast in it, everything prospers, and difficulties gradually vanish."

It is a blessed sight to behold a venerable man far advanced in the journey of life, rejoicing, when he has overcome obstacles, removed stumbling-blocks, passed through gulfs, and climbed heights to reach the pinnacle of his ambition, and thus made for himself and those who are dear to him a happy home.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CITY CLUBS."

"The poor and heart-broken have a claim founded on the law of nature."

Archdeacon Paley.

"I am for tearing off every mask—for extenuating nothing; for shutting the eyes to nothing; and that truth should be transparent and unadulterated."—*Luther.*

THERE are many more occupations in life far more agreeable in character, far more felicitous in choice, than that of the "Governor" of a debtors' gaol—the Governor of the Bank of England for example; or Governor of Malta, or any other social, monetary, or military establishment; but the "keeper," as Lord Brougham has designated the official of a debtors' gaol, to say the least of it, has no sinecure.

If he be a man of generous feeling, how numerous the claims upon his nobler nature; how multifarious the demands upon his time, his sympathy, and his discretion; how arduous the task he has daily to accomplish in the rigid maintenance of his duty; how painfully difficult to draw a discriminating line, beyond which crushed and agonised affliction cannot pass; upon whom commiseration should offer an uplifted hand; and where vice and profligacy should have meted out to them a just award!

What, in fact, must invariably be his reflections, if an educated man?—if he have a mind too keenly sensitive, as he hurriedly passes through the various avenues of his prison boundary, and contemplates on the crowded mass of beings committed to his charge?

Can he gaze for a moment upon that enfeebled remnant of living humanity, with deeply-furrowed cheek, and thinly-scattered hair, bleached with the rough and sleeting snows of seventy winters, and feel not within his bosom a thrilling emotion at the idea that the poor old worn-out man, after so many years' captivity, is doomed to meet his death within the walls of a debtors' gaol?

But pass we over these reflections. Our task is simply to sketch a scene of recent event; to tell "a plain unvarnished tale" of the "death struggle" of an old man, whose vast property in "house and land," wrung from him by the power of "might over right," was then destined to suffer limitless incarceration in a debtors' gaol.

Who is she that feebly approaches his prison-gate, and grasps the hand thrust through its iron bars, while the tears chase each other rapidly down the aged man's palsied and ashy-pale cheek? Ay, who is the shivering thinly-clad female, upon whose extended hand those scalding tears are falling? Who is the object so welcome, so worshipped, so hallowed, as it seems to be in the heart of that poor imprisoned worshipper?

Great God!—'tis his wife!

Forty-three years Providence ordained that no earthly hand should bring bereavement, nor sever those two hearts that had become enshrined in their holy union. Misfortune, poverty, ruin had overtaken them, had surrounded them in almost indescribable wretchedness, but they clung together the more closely;

neither sorrow, sickness, nor destitution in its most appalling shape had for a moment separated them; had not broken asunder the link in that chain of affection which thus bound this aged couple to existence.

No! the debtors' gaol had not even divided them; for there,—even there in his cheerless, lonely, compassionateless solitude, he felt consolation—still knew comparative happiness; for the partner in that affliction, the wife of his earliest and devotional love was his comforter—his inseparable companion; though his oppressors had hunted him through the world and goaded him onwards to perish within his prison walls.

Beyond that pure and mutual affection he knew no other world; felt no living woe; but there came an evil hour upon the quiet progressive advancement of these aged pilgrims to their humble grave; and which broke fatally in upon the tranquil charm that had during their later years cheered, gleamed on, and given warmth to the evening of their existence.

The destroying and blighting scourge, the deadly brand of the law wielded by man in his merciless and demoniac strength, came upon them, and doomed their worldly separation.

Few words are needed to tell the tale. In a bright merry moment, when relatives had come from far distant land to give solace to this aged sufferer in the prison cell, the old man's wife had dared to enforce on them a parting glass, and had stepped outside the gaol to obtain the little quantity of spirits intended for that purpose; perhaps that parting glass was the last they were ever again to witness in "life's busy throng." Mark the sequel:—

On her return through the lobby of the prison, she was suspected by the officials of having spirits in her possession; detection followed; she was dragged before a magistrate, was convicted without one mitigatory consideration; the penalty of her crime (?) she could not pay; she discharged it in person; she was committed to Kingston Gaol.

There, at seventy-three years of age, to her daily task of labour was she driven by her gaoler in the form of woman, to do the work of the felon! What was her crime?

Who sanctioned this deed? Man! man that is said to have, and proudly boasts of possessing humanity—lord over the brute creation—image of his Creator! Tigers savage from their forest haunts prowl for blood; gloat upon their dying victim; feast, gorge, and fatten; 'tis their prey; 'tis their nature; but man, is this thy work? Dost thou envy the savage tiger? Dost thou seek to become more ferocious, and inhumanly sport with and crush *thy* helpless victim? Yes, 'tis thy work.

How one's heart recoils at the recital of this revolting, disgusting barbarity.

Can the benevolent mind reflect upon the sufferings of this poor forsaken old man; the bitter corroding anguish of his heart, and the many heavy hours of misery he was thus compelled to endure, while his aged partner was passing through the felon's ordeal, without exclaiming, "Where does mercy dwell?"

"'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
It is an attribute of God himself,
When mercy seasons justice."

The same immortal bard tells

—"We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

But again, alas! where does mercy dwell? The question calls aloud, but finds no response within the prison-walls; but let the Christian world reverberate the cry; and while the coloured slaves upraise their hands in thankfulness and joy for freedom's blessing, suffer not the white man to curse his race for coldness, cruelty, and neglect.

But see the poor woman—ay, see, she has paid the penalty of her crime; she has once more returned to enjoy Heaven's remaining gift—the embrace of her sorrow-stricken husband. What, is her path to his anxiously-awaiting presence impeded; her entrance again to his prison home forbidden? It is—it is!

See, she parts with her husband; she dared not stay longer at the iron gate, though she had felt a ray of hope that they yet might meet a united death in each other's arms. No, the stern command of the gaoler, and the bell's iron tongue, less hard than human hearts, dictates her final departure.

So, one brief half hour twice during each week is the only allotted period wherein these poor aged creatures can hold communion with each other? Why this limited interval? Why this cruel separation? Has she not borne the sentence; paid its rigorous demand for having so broken the prison rules? She has—she violated in a thoughtless moment the laws made by a wise and considerate legislature, and endured all its punishment—what, then, hinders her approach again to the quiet hearth of her husband? What more requires to be done? One or both to perish! One has perished!—one has been driven—ay, driven is the word—to his grave!

Driven to his grave?

Yes, yes,—but hush, reader, softly be it said—the old man died; and now lies in his narrow grave. His widow, when she followed his remains and saw them deposited there, asked the venerable official of the church to keep it *unclosed*, for she would speedily be its next tenant.*

Had seventeen years' imprisonment *driven* this old man to his final resting-place? No; because the laws of nature seemed yet disposed fully to have granted him a few more years; for the old man was free from ailments, and for his advanced years in life vigorous; but it was the separation he had known that struck the fatal blow—when the harrowing reflection came across his mind that his poor unoffending aged wife had suffered the convict's doom, fate had then inflicted its deadliest venom; he sickened; he took to his bed; was placed in the sick ward; his very removal there aggravated, perhaps hurried his dissolution; for he felt, as he threw a last gaze round the home, the prison home, that had been so long his dwelling, that that home was broken up; and his removal the signal for his next intermediate step—the grave!

During the gloom and silence of a long wintry night, a convulsive pang, a gurgling noise in the throat, gave indication of his expiring breath—it was HIS DEATH STRUGGLE!

Reader, did that old man die of a broken heart?

* During the brief period that has elapsed since this sketch was written and its appearance in type this prediction has been fulfilled—that grave contains its second tenant. The widow of this poor old man was missing for a few days from her home; she was found drowned! Let not the reader consider for a moment the above sketch to be drawn from fiction; not one of its features but are traced from fact. The writer not only vouches for its solemn truth, but reference to the annals of the Queen's Bench prison during the last few months will fully establish the foundation of this brief though melancholy detail.

MUSIC: ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERGOLESI.—As the names of the different great masters to whom music has been indebted for its progressive rise come before us in review, it is impossible not to be struck with the variety as well as extent of improvements necessary toward the perfection of one science. In most other walks the inventor is aided at the onset by those qualified to assist, and the discovery is then transmitted to posterity in a state of completion; but every department of music is in itself a science, and each has in turn tasked the attention of a long line of illustrious professors ere it attained the crowning-point of perfection. Poetry has long since reached its standard; so has sculpture and other arts, but in music there is always something to be found that will bear improvement, and hence it is that the estimation in which its most eminent followers have been held has been earned by services performed towards bringing music, or one of its branches, to a matured state, rather than by any particular excellence in general composition. This accounts for the reputation acquired by many men who were but indifferent composers. They revealed the resources and the beauties of their art; leaving it to others to act upon the exposition and furnish models.

But there were professors who not only disclosed the capabilities of their art, but furnished specimens drawn from their own powers. These were indeed magnets worthy of lasting renown, and of such the historian is ever inclined to speak with reverence. In this respect few names have been more illustrious than that of Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, whose works are amongst the most famous in the history of music. His birth took place at Caforia, near Naples, A.D. 1704. Developing almost in infancy a musical capacity, he was placed during childhood in the *Conservatorio dei Poveri in Gesu Cristo*, at Naples. This was a celebrated musical academy of the period, and Pergolesi there produced, at the age of fourteen, specimens of genius which would have been a credit to the leading masters of the period. At the same early age he demonstrated that by the received system of tuition expression and melody were neglected for the art of solving harmonical problems, and the use of laborious counterpoint. With the determination of rectifying these errors, he took the necessary steps for perfecting himself in the principles of harmony and the rules of orchestral writing, and then quitted the Conservatory, feeling convinced that no further benefit was derivable from that seminary.

Vinci and Hasse were the masters whose instructions were now sought by Pergolesi. These were considered the purest and simplest melodists of the period, and such was the assiduity of the pupil that in a short time he surpassed his teachers in their own style, and blended with their clearness and simplicity his own grace and variety in the expression of his melodies. He now essayed his first opera; but at Naples, like most primary ventures of innovative genius, it was not sufficiently understood to be appreciated; and it succeeded but very partially. Prince Stigliano, an amateur of excellent judgment, however, discerned his merits, and procured for him an engagement at the *Teatro Nuovo*, where he acquired much local popularity by the introduction of a series of *intermezzi*, highly remarkable for the elegance and spirit with which they were composed; but as these were written in the Neapolitan vernacular, their fame did not extend beyond their birthplace, and Pergolesi saw the necessity of having a piece written in generally intelligible Italian, to admit of its representation at

other places. His desire was fulfilled by the production of *La Serva Padrona*, an "*Intermezzo a due voci*," containing but two characters, and replete with point, vivacity, and situation. He was so charmed with the work that he bestowed his best powers upon its composition, and the consequence of its success was to render it famous throughout Europe. In France it nearly effected a revolution in the national taste, and it is even now considered as one of the best specimens of the elegance and simplicity of the old Italian school. A century has now elapsed since its production, and we are convinced that its revival in the present day would be attended with the same success as of old. Uberto and Serpina are the personages sustaining the weight of the opera; the one an old bachelor, and the other his servant-maid. Full of archness, grace, and humour, the characters would suit Jenny Lind and Lablache to the life; and we have no doubt that were our suggestion acted upon, the re-production would produce a perfect *furor*. Serpina is a spoiled and wilful damsel, whose confidence in the power of her own charms renders her indifferent to the testy impatience of her master, whom she treats with the utmost *nonchalance*. The piece commences with a specimen of this, as she is heard quarrelling behind the scenes with a fellow domestic in preference to waiting upon her master with his morning bowl of chocolate. When, at length, she does condescend to appear, he tells her he must take a wife in self-defence, and she immediately replies, "Very well—take me!"

Rapid recitative and a light airy duet succeed to this singular commencement, and in which Uberto tells the damsel that she is flying too high. The original line is "*Troppo in alto voi volate*," and the sarcastic and expressive mimicry introduced by the flight on "*volate*," is one of the richest things of the kind in music. Finding that a little more management is required to win her master, Serpina introduces Vespone, her fellow-servant, in the disguise of a soldier, whom she terms Captain Tempest, and says that since her master won't have her, she has found another husband. Uberto, who in secret has long felt the influence of Serpina's fascinations, expresses considerable emotion at this intelligence; and the abigail addresses him in one of the most original and tender airs ever composed, watching the effect at the termination of every line, and frequently addressing herself in *sotto voce* remarks upon his conduct; and thus combining the richest comedy with her soft and bewitching accents.

The effect of this is unique and admirable in the extreme, and the interest finely sustained by the agitation and irresolution of Uberto in a subsequent *scena*, expressive of the conflict between love and prudence in his mind. Serpina now tells him that her lover is as furious as Orlando, and will require a dowry of four thousand crowns, without which the marriage cannot take place. Astounded at such audacity, Uberto inquires what it is to him whether the wedding takes place or not; upon which Serpina informs him that if he don't pay the dowry, her lover will force him to have her himself. Indignant as he is at the proposition, the state of his affections induces compliance, and he gives his hand to Serpina, who reveals the artifice; but the old gentleman is too much delighted at finding himself compelled as he imagines to confirm his own happiness to find fault with the means, and he expresses his resolution to fulfil the contract.

The reputation acquired by this work was sustained by another on the same principle, entitled *Tracollo*. It is somewhat remarkable that with all the excellence of both operas the instrumental score of each is exceedingly slender; that of *La Serva Padrona* consisting merely of two violins, tenor and bass; the parts for the former being frequently in unison, while the tenor often doubles the bass. No wind instruments are introduced, but the spirited and ingenious accompaniments are so effective that every note tells, and the voices are supported without being overpowered. The *Tracollo* has parts in one movement for two oboes and two horns, the rest of the score being for the four-stringed instruments. During the three years of 1730-34-35, Pergolesi continued to improve his fame and circumstances by the production of these *intermezzi*;

and having, as he fondly hoped, established himself with the world, he now determined upon distinguishing himself by the production of a great classical work. The opening was afforded by an engagement to compose an opera for the Tordinona Theatre at Rome, and he selected Metastasio's *Olympiade* for the occasion, prosecuting his labours with all the ardour of hope, and all the enthusiasm inspired by his glorious subject.

At the same period another aspirant was engaged to write a work for the Romans. This was Duni, a subsequent favourite with the Parisians; but so strongly did he feel the superiority of Pergolesi, that he would not write a note until the *Olympiade* had been rehearsed. He attended on the occasion, and, admitting the full excellence of the composition, was candid enough to tell the author that though he should find it impossible to make his own opera equal to it, he should better succeed in making it hit the prevailing taste of the times.

The remark was prophetic, and Pergolesi served as another instance of how far a man may be in advance of the age for his own interests. The *Olympiade* was received with fatal coldness; while Duni's inferior work, called *Nerone*, was lauded to the skies. Duni himself was mortified at the undeserved triumph, and so ashamed at the want of taste and judgment displayed by the Romans that he conspicuously united himself with a small body of enlightened men who appreciated the work, and resolved to carry it through; but all was unavailing, and Pergolesi's hopes were fatally and cruelly blasted by the capricious coldness and indifference of the audience. He returned to Naples broken-hearted, and from that moment resigned the operatic pen. He was, however, prevailed upon by the Duke of Matalon, a Neapolitan nobleman, to compose a mass and vespers for a religious festival about to take place at Rome; and, as if with the view of showing the Romans what they had lost, he threw his whole powers into the composition of the mass, "*Dixit Dominus*," and "*Laudate*;" and thus produced what is still reckoned amongst the finest pieces of ecclesiastical music extant. Their performance at the church of San Lorenzo excited the rapture of all present, and the composer was now as greatly extolled as he had before been decried; but the blow had been struck, and he continued to sink until Prince Stigliano, his patron and friend, persuaded him to retire to a small house at Torre del Greco, a locality considered as highly salubrious in cases of consumption; and in this retreat during his last sickness he composed his *Stabat Mater*, his *Salva Regina*, and his cantata of *Orfeo ed Eurydice*. The first-mentioned of these is still considered one of the finest emanations of the old Italian masters.

He died shortly afterwards at the age of thirty-three, and all Italy became aware of the treasure it had lost.

His *Olympiade* was produced with surpassing splendour at Rome, and the hitherto indifferent and neglectful citizens now thronged in multitudes to greet with enthusiastic applause a work which their coldness had consigned to oblivion. It was afterwards performed in 1742, in England, where the part of Megacle was sustained by Monticelli, then in the zenith of his fame; and such was the powerful effect of the opening air, "*Tremendi obscure atroci*," that for many years after the run of the opera was over, it was sung at concerts by Frasi.

Such was the blighted career of Pergolesi; a victim to the apathy of the world, and its idol after withering beneath its indifference. So much for the fickleness and caprice of popular taste.

NICOLÒ LEGROSCINO.—As the compositions of this *maestro* were all written in the Neapolitan language, their reputation did not extend beyond that place, which was his native city. We have already adverted to a similar circumstance as being so prejudicial to the fortunes of the ill-fated Pergolesi. Hence the works of Nicolo Legroscino are now obsolete, but his name can never be forgotten; for it comes to posterity with the claim of having belonged to the inventor of the *finale* terminating each act of an opera, and in which the business of the piece is carried on during the performance of a concerted piece of music by the principal performers. The general adoption by the moderns of

this improvement is certainly to be commended, yet we cannot help feeling that it is to that practice we owe the disuse of the works of the older masters.

The epoch of Logroscino was at the close of the seventeenth century, and his works were chiefly comic operas. They are now irrecoverable; but his school will be followed as long as brilliance of effect and striking finishes are considered by composers as of importance to scenes on which the act-drop is allowed to fall.

DAVID PEREZ.—This highly-celebrated composer, who much resembles Handel in person and fortunes, was a Neapolitan by birth, although of Spanish parentage. He was born in 1711, and received his education in the Conservatorio of Santa Maria di Loretto, in his native city of Naples. In 1741 he commenced composer, and produced his first works at the theatre of Palermo, and during the next seven years he composed for the operas at Naples and Rome. In 1752 we find him at Portugal, where he continued in the service for the remainder of his days.

In 1755 he composed his opera of *Alessandro nell' Indie* for the opening in Lisbon of a new theatre on the birthday of the queen. It was produced with extraordinary splendour, and comprised the talents of Gaudagni, Raina, Raaf, Luciani, Babble, Veroli, Gizziello, Caffarelli, Manzoli, and Elisi; a constellation of the utmost brilliancy. In one scene was introduced a troop of horse, with a Macedonian phalanx, and the Bucephalus was bestridden by one of the king's riding-masters, to a march expressly composed for the paces of the renowned steed.

Many of the works of Perez found their way to this country, and acquired great popularity. Those which received the greatest favour were *Ezio* and *Didone Abbandonata*; the first, 1755, and the second in 1761. He also composed the *Artaserse* of Metastasio, in which is to be found the original of the English words, "Water parted from the sea" ("L'onda dal mar divisa"), to which Perez, singular to say, attached the long divisions in triplets subsequently introduced into the famous bravura of "The Soldier Tired," by Dr. Arne. Whether this was accidental or designed has never appeared.

Perez shortened his days by his fondness for the delicacies of the table; and was blind during the closing years of existence. While in this state, and actually when confined to his bed, he without the aid of instruments frequently dictated composition in parts. He died in 1778, at Lisbon, admired, respected, beloved, and leaving behind him a memory long cherished in Portugal after he had descended to the grave.

TERRADELLAS, a composer of great celebrity. He appeared on the mortal scene at Barcelona, 1701, and reached the final close, as did Pergolesi, in consequence of the non-success of one of his operas. His general merits have, however, been acknowledged to be of the highest *caste*; and he gained considerable reputation by his broad expressive style, and by his uncommon chromatic passages and bold and effective modulations.

In 1746 Terradellas visited England, where he produced his two operas, *Mitridate* and *Bellerofonte*. Their success was greatly aided by Signora Frasi and the famous contralto, Signor Reginelli. The firmness and vigour also of his accompaniments were much admired, and he quitted this country under the happiest auspices. The failure to which we have already alluded occurred in 1751, and he died one more example of the influence of popular opinion.

BALDASSARE GALUPPI.—We now reach the concluding name necessary to be cited of the brilliant list that emblazoned the age of which our recent chapters have treated. Such a constellation never before existed at one point of time, for, on reference to dates, the attentive reader will find that although the composers of whom we have spoken were born, attained their altitudes on the high arch of fame, and died at different periods, there was a time when all were in existence together, and when the great source of musical effulgence gushed out to illuminate innumerable satellites possessed of common qualities and characteristics, but glittering in the varied light of individual genius. It would seem as if the mightiest imaginations had united in the era of which we speak to hymn forth that mighty advance of civilisation by which it was signalised.

Galuppi, one of the brightest of these luminaries, was born in the same year that gave birth to Terradellas, which was in 1701, at the little island of Burano, near Venice, and from which latter circumstance he afterwards received the appellation of Buranello. He studied under Lotti, and in 1722 produced his first two operas, *La Fede Nell' Inconza* and *Gli Amici Rivali*. Their success caused him to be sought by all the Continental managers, and he was extensively employed throughout Europe; for although the first judges did not secretly give him credit for the highest powers, he suited the popular taste, and his name brought profit.

On the secession, in 1741, of Handel from the London Opera, Galuppi was engaged by the Earl of Middlesex, the new manager, as composer. His first opera, *Penelope*, experienced but five representations; the lightness of its style not being relished after the learning and solidity to which the public had been habituated by Handel. In the year ensuing he ventured another essay, the *Scipione in Cartagine*, and this had a run of nine nights. Emboldened by his improved reception, he in 1743 produced his *Enrico*, with such triumphant success that several of the airs, particularly "Son troppe vezze," gave an influential tone to our native dramatic music, and established Galuppi's reputation. The leading male parts were sustained by Monticelli, Amorevoli, and Visconti; and the females by Frasi and Galli.

Having produced at the termination of the same season his opera of *Sirbace*, Galuppi returned to Italy, but continued to write for the London Opera, and with invariable success; producing in 1755 his *Ricimero*; in 1760 his famous comic opera, *Il Mondo Della Luna*, and in the following year his still more famous *Filosofo di Campagna*.

The latter production owed much of its success to one whose namesake was destined to popularity in more modern times:—"there were 'Paganinis' in those days," and although the signor was not too refined, his signora, Eberardi, so attracted by her piquant delivery of the lively and playful "Donne, donne, siamo nate" and by her manner of interpreting "La Pastorella al prato," that she was *encored* on each occasion with acclamations. She was assisted by Sarbelloni, whose tones alone were sure to elicit the loudest applause, and who so long perpetuated the fame of the simple and elegant air "La bella che adora." The opera ran for fifteen nights, during which Paganini's reputation increased so highly as to produce scenes at the opening of the doors similar to those which have attended the engagement in modern times of our Malibrans, Sontags, Grisis, and Linds. On the night of her benefit, a third only of the numbers, who attended could gain admission, and those who succeeded did so at the expense of torn dresses and lost caps. This excessive popularity gave increase to the influence of Galuppi's music on the dramatic compositions of England, into which his airs were freely introduced; while native composers, by imitating his Italian melody, polished and improved their style. Thus to the genius of Galuppi is owing much of what we have to boast.

The fame of this extraordinary composer increased with years, and those who formerly had decried his talents, now became convinced of their mistake. He was for many years *Maestro di Capella* of the Church of St. Mark, as well as president of the *Conservatory of the Incurabili*, at Venice. In 1766 he paid a visit to St. Petersburg, to which he was welcomed with the utmost distinction; and in 1770 returned to Venice—a patriarch in age, although still animated by the fire and genius of youth; for it was allowed by the severest critics that, although he was then seventy years old, his compositions for the church, as well as the stage, abounded with a richer fancy and a more marked display of spirit and taste than any of his former productions. This extraordinary circumstance at once unfolds the true nature of Galuppi's genius: it required time for development, and its early efforts were crude and unripe. Hence was it that even the liberal-minded and enlightened Metastasio misunderstood him, not only when young, but when fifty years of age, and wrote confidentially to Farinelli, the celebrated singer, in

dispraise of the man who at seventy proved himself one of the most gifted as well as best of human beings. The great poet lived to do him justice, and admitted that his former opinion arose from the little attention Galuppi had appeared to pay to the language of his poets, and to the necessity of linking his ideas with theirs. This had, however, been the fault of the times, and not of the composer. Expression was studied when he entered the field, and the Italian school was threatened with utter decay by an inundation of frivolous and shallow productions. Thus the art of dramatic composition had passed from one extreme to the other—from the too florid to the insipid, and any sudden attempt to revive it would have been viewed as revolutionary, so long as pretenders were enabled to point to such models as Vinci, Leo, and beyond all Pergolesi, whose substitution of expressive simplicity for laboured complication had been imitated to an extent that merged into baldness and inanity. Galuppi lived to reform this by his grace, spirit, and fancy; and at his death, at the age of eighty-four, in 1785, he had thoroughly restored the best points of the Italian school, and left behind him a reputation rarely acquired by man.

Having now disposed of the instrumentalists, poets, and composers by whom the dawn of song was advanced to the lustre of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, let us now bestow a more ample and regular notice than heretofore upon the singers who aided in the wonderful work. The galaxy of these will be found as brilliant and as numerous as the constellations of skill, mind, and fancy already commemorated.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SINGERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

THAT the vocalist is of the highest importance to the musical art cannot be doubted; he is the interpreter of an unknown tongue, and even when singing in a foreign language renders its meaning to un instructed ears, and fills the soul with emotions and ideas both new and delightful. His power is to song what elocution is to prose, it develops the beauties of composition to others, without imposing upon them the lengthened and painful studies by which the singer has himself attained his art.

Moreover, singing is a natural gift, and not an acquisition; hence the professor is a rarity, and one selected by bountiful nature expressly to charm and improve the human race. At an expenditure of time and money any person of moderate comprehension can learn to play a simple tune; but without voice he must remain unbenefited by the divine powers of song, unless an interpreter steps to his assistance. Such an interpreter is the vocalist: his brain has been imbued with the requisite knowledge, and his lips warble forth to hearers what "in the volume of the book has been written." He thus keeps alive the art of composition, which must speedily expire without interpretation; he adds fame to the poet, gives reputation to the composer, and supports the musician. Meanwhile he develops the bounty of the Creator in his gifts, and assists in rendering the cares of life supportable. Let not, then, the vulgar rail at the high remuneration of vocal talents; they stand second in value to the intellectual powers of genius, and without them the world would be a workshop, in which the strains that give us a foretaste of a hereafter would remain voiceless and unheard.

Such considerations prove at once the importance of songsters to society, and we will advance no further plea for the time and space we are about to allot to those most famous and distinguished.

SIGNORA TESI.—The first of the nightingales whose biography it will be our pleasing office to record was Vittoria Tesi, a native of Florence, who studied under Bernacchi, in his celebrated school at Bologna. She was born in 1690, and twenty-nine years afterwards held the highest position at the opera of Dresden, where the extraordinary compass of her voice, her magnificent decla-

matory powers, and the grandeur and majesty of her style, procured for her an eminence much resembling that of Grisi in the present era. She could sing *all' ottava* airs for bass voices, and ascend to the highest pitch with astonishing facility; and, in short, developed powers which called forth all the latent talents of the best composers of her time.

Although not beautiful, Tesi captivated all who saw her by the graces of her action and deportment; and very early in her career formed the closest intimacy with a nobleman of high rank and distinction, whose infatuation increased to such a height that he offered her marriage. Her conduct on the occasion was not only of the most romantic character, but high-minded in the extreme. She felt that she had forfeited all right to share the dignities of high birth and station, and she at once rejected the proposal. Her *innamorato*, however, was not to be dissuaded from his resolve, and he took active measures to secure an alliance, declaring solemnly that he would take no further denial. Thus urged, the single-hearted *prima donna* feigned compliance, and stealthily left the house on the following morning, to accomplish the only plan she could devise for preserving the honour of the man she loved unsullied. Proceeding down a neighbouring street she encountered a journeyman baker of respectable appearance, but evidently poor; she stopped and accosted him in the following words:—

"Are you married?"

"No, signora!"

"Then you ought to be better off than you appear."

"I have helpless parents to support, and brothers and sisters."

"Would you marry one whose means would enable you to fulfil your duties with facility and comfort?"

"I should not like to take a woman to my bed whom I did not first love."

"You are a noble fellow. But if a woman for whom you had not conceived an affection were willing to bestow upon you fifty ducats, would you consent, for an important purpose, to make her your wife, provided she quitted you immediately after the ceremony, and never claimed admittance to bed or board?"

"If that woman be you, signora, I answer, 'With all my heart!'"

"Then let us conclude the bargain at once," returned the *cantatrice*; and accordingly they were formally married. She then hastened to the count, and having assured him of the lasting nature of her affection, revealed the insurmountable impediment she had raised against the degradation of his fame and family.

When this extraordinary act became known, Tesi acquired more popularity than ever, and was even taken into favour by the empress-queen. She retired early from the stage, and lived until the age of ninety, having awakened the dormant energies of musical professors, and advanced the art by which she had acquired her reputation.

FRANCESCA CUZZONI AND FAUSTINA BORDONI.—These memorable syrens were competitors, and may be chronicled conjunctively; the career of the latter having been already recorded in the memoirs of her celebrated husband Hasse, and such adventures as have yet to be related being in such close connection with those of Cuzzoni that to separate them would be to tell the same tale twice over.

The bewitching Francesca drew her first breath in Parma, and made her *début* at Venice along with Faustina, in the year of grace 1719. Here the spirit of rivalry took growth, and the fair *débütantes* were for many years in open hostility with each other. Francesca made the circuit of the principal theatres in Italy at the conclusion of the season, and in 1723 arrived in England, where she encountered the rival planet of the times, and the open animosity that ensued amounted to an extravagance of pitch quite unprecedented. The qualities of Faustina have been already described; those of Cuzzoni are set forth by the critics of the time as most eminent. Her voice was flexible, sweet, and clear, and she equally excelled in the execution of slow and rapid airs; her voice had such a touching expression of gratitude in its intonations as to impart

pathos to whatever she sung. A native warble enabled her to execute divisions with a facility that concealed all appearance of difficulty ; and the skill she displayed in conducting, sustaining, increasing, and diminishing her tones by minute degrees, was such as to establish her complete mistress of her art. Dr. Burney has the following passage relative to her great abilities in this respect :—

“ In a *cantabile* air, though the notes she added were few, she never lost a favourable opportunity of enriching the *cantilena* with all the refinements and embellishments of the time. Her shake was perfect ; she had a creative fancy, and the power of occasionally accelerating and retarding the measure in the most artificial and able manner by what the Italians call *tempo rubato*. Her high notes were unrivalled in clearness and sweetness, and her intonations were so just and fixed that it seemed as if it were not in her power to sing out of tune.”

With powers such as these Cuzzoni should have relied upon their influence, and committed her cause to the public ; but her ungovernable temper would not permit of so specific a course, and she preferred racing after the apple of discord to the nobler and more pleasing contest of emulation. Had there been ought to fear from her rival some excuse might have existed ; but Tosi, in his “ *Osservazione sopra il Canto Figurato*,” has so nicely balanced their merits as not to leave room for jealousy on either side. The following extract speaks for itself :—

“ Their merit is superior to all praise, for with equal strength, though in different styles, they help to keep up the tottering profession from immediately falling into ruin. The one is inimitable for a privileged gift of singing, and enchanting the world with an astonishing felicity in executing difficulties with a brilliancy—I know not whether derived from nature or art—which pleases to excess ; the delightful soothing *cantabile* of the other, joined to the sweetness of a fine voice, a perfect intonation, strictness of time, and the rarest productions of genius in her embellishments, are qualifications as peculiar and uncommon as they are difficult to be imitated. The pathos of the one and the rapidity of the other are distinctly characteristic. What a beautiful mixture it would be if the excellences of these two angelic beings could be united in a single individual.”

The concluding sentence of the above would have been much mended had it conveyed an idea of the benefit that would have ensued to art had the two “ angelic beings ” cast aside their devilry, and acted in concert for the general good of operatic music. But the true value of emulation was a secret even to the enlightened mind of Tosi. Why should it be desired for one person to possess qualities so essentially different as those of Faustina and Cuzzoni ? Admiration for the one did not disparage the other, and could not have been increased had the pair merged into a single individual. Would it be well for an orchestra to consist of Paganini’s fiddle, from which the great violinist elicited the tones of every instrument ? Unquestionably not. The performance, as a specimen of talent, might delight and astound, but to make the one instrument accompany an entire opera would be as tedious as absurd, and the consequent decline of song would follow, whilst the conjunction of leading instruments naturally works a contrary effect. The same argument applies to a plurality of leading singers ; and hence the greater the number of first-rate voices that can be pressed into one piece the greater the attraction, the greater the gratification, and the greater the chance of the art being sustained. Division, on the contrary, drives different *artistes* to different establishments, and a consequent division of spectators is the consequence. Works are thus weakly interpreted, and thinly attended ; and to this we attribute the chief drawbacks of opera until recent managements crushed the spirit of rivalry in their own establishments, by placing the best talents of their operatic *corps* in *juxta-position* without reference to opposition or rivalry. If this be continued a new golden age may be predicted for the lovers of song.

(To be continued.)

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

SURREY.

The operatic season having terminated at this establishment, Mr. Shepherd, with a view towards ensuring the best practical aid in carrying on the management of his theatre, has secured the co-operation of Mr. Creswick, the popular tragedian, whose high powers as an actor, and great experience in dramatic affairs, essentially qualify him for assisting to perpetuate the high success that has recently attached itself to this, the major of the Surrey Theatres. The co-lessees have commenced with the legitimate drama, and on the opening night of the new season produced Sheridan Knowles's *Rose of Arragon*; a play abounding with some of the best conceptions of its inspired author. It was most carefully placed upon the stage, and acted throughout with great fire and spirit. The King of Arragon was supported by Mr. Bruce Norton, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. It was his first appearance, and he proved himself a decided acquisition to the Metropolitan boards. The Alonzo and Andreas of Messrs. Raymond and Forrester were highly respectable, as was the Carlos of Mr. George Jones, from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Mr. Creswick, as Alasco, displayed first-rate histrionic powers, and he portrayed with truthful and graphic force the zealous and liberal friend, the fond and devoted brother, and the upright genuine patriot, so admirably drawn by the genius of Knowles. Mr. T. Mead, as Almagro, emulated these efforts, and drew down thunders of applause. Olivia, the Rose of Arragon, was another character sustained with high talent; it was supported by Madame Ponisi, who is evidently advancing in public favour. We must not omit to mention that the scene where Alasco discovers the treachery of the Regent, and his subsequent interview with Almagro in the dungeon, were specimens of true excellence. Altogether, the play has been seldom more effectively represented. Morton's *Eton Boy*, and Rodwell's *Adele*; or, *the Mystery*, filled up the entertainments for the first week. In the former, Miss Isabel Dickenson, from the Lyceum Theatre, made her *début* south of the Thames in the character of Fanny, the colonel's daughter. Her reception was highly gratifying, and she succeeded in making a complete "hit." In short, the entire piece went off with the utmost spirit; but this was only to be expected from such efforts as those employed by the volatile Mr. Shepherd and the mirth-moving Mr. Widdicomb, in the characters of Captain Popham and Mr. Dabster. *Adele* is not a piece to our liking, but it was carefully got up and well played.

On the succeeding week *Virginus* and other popular favourites of the last dramatic season, were re-produced, and succeeded in drawing admirable houses. The company boasts of more than the ordinary average of merit, and comprises the names of Messrs. Creswick, Shepherd, T. Mead, Emery, Bruce Norton, Edward Laws, H. Widdicomb, Rogers, Raymond, George Jones, J. W. Collier, &c., &c. Among the ladies are Madame Ponisi, Mrs. Henry Vining, Miss E. Bromley, Miss Isabel Dickenson, Miss Laporte, Mrs. Watson, and Miss Bloomfield, &c., &c. We are glad to find that Mr. J. M. Jolly has been retained as leader and composer. Mr. Jones is the principal artist in the scenic department; With such talent Mr. Shepherd will have no difficulty in bringing forward the best winter novelties when the season has properly set in.

MARYLEBONE.

Mr. Watts, the spirited lessee of this popular establishment, has once more entered the lists as caterer for the amusement of the denizens of the western suburb; and from the array of talent with which he has opened, we entertain little doubt that the success of the ensuing season will even exceed that of the past. The theatre has been thoroughly cleansed, and the decorations re-touched, so that everything has an appearance of brightness and freshness. The opening novelty was *Velasco*, an American adaptation of the *Cid* of Pierre Corneille, with the substitution of a tragic *dénouement* for the original, against which the moral sense of the public has so often declaimed. By reminding the reader of the story he will best understand its modern descendant. The following are its chief incidents:—The father of Ximena having insulted the parent of the illustrious Rodrigo, is challenged by that hero, and slain in mortal combat; but the encounter does not take place until after long and painful struggles between love and duty, as Rodrigo is the betrothed of Ximena. Subsequent to the duel the bereaved

damsel is plunged into a similar conflict between her heart and her sense of justice, and eventually decides upon prosecuting her lover, notwithstanding the passionate affection she has conceived for him. The glorious results, however, of his victories over the Moors so dazzle her imagination and kindle her enthusiasm for the object of her adoration that she consents to marry him. A plot like this affords scope for the display of powerful acting; but its moral being too lax for the scrupulous, it was long before the British public had an opportunity of testing its merits. Colley Cibber at length essayed the task of rendering it palatable by bringing the father of Ximena to life at the termination of the piece; but even this did not satisfy the strict notions of objectors, and the play became obsolete. In its present revival the transatlantic adapter has introduced several innovations, and converted the production into a deep tragedy. The name has been entirely altered from *The Cid* to that of *Velasco*; and the leading personages, Rodrigo and Ximena, have been re-christened Velasco and Isidora. On the return of the hero and the revival of Isidora's attachment, the King of Castile is induced to sanction their nuptials. A brother of Isidora's is now introduced as the instrument of vengeance, and he appears at the marriage banquet in the midst of the nuptial festivities, during which he makes various attempts to poison Velasco, but is invariably frustrated. At length, maddened by the repetition of disappointment, he stabs the hero, and Isidora, in despair, swallows the draught designed for the bridegroom. Thus poetical justice is effected on both parties; but it should have been premised that in the play under notice Velasco is rendered less blameable than the Rodrigo of Corneille, inasmuch as an agent is introduced to stir up the original quarrel, and to bear off Isidora. As the piece now stands, it may be viewed as a French play converted into an excellent melo-drama throughout, and a tragedy at the end. The school has hitherto been peculiarly American, and now appears naturalised at the Marylebone, where the species of hybrid we describe appears to have taken kindly root and grown to popularity. It certainly is in advance of the species of rhodomontade introduced at the old Cobourg Theatre; but still we hope to see it eventually succeeded by a more soundly healthful class of dramatic literature. The chief supporters of the production were Mr. Davenport and Miss Fanny Vining. The first was full of his usual fire, whilst the lady beautifully depicted all that intensity of feeling for which she is so justly popular. We cannot but compliment Mr. Watts on the manner in which the costume and *mise en scene* were cared for; taste and lavish expenditure were apparent throughout, and the entire performance drew great applause from a well-filled house. Miss Vining and Mr. Davenport were called before the curtain, and received with bursts of enthusiasm.

Another attraction was the favourite comedietta of *Perfection*, in which Miss Beauffort made her *début* as Kate O'Brien. The young lady is from Dublin, and was perfectly successful. Her songs were *encored*, and she received the honour of a *recal* at the end of the piece. The patrons of the theatre will be glad to learn that a fresh engagement has been effected with Mrs. Mowatt, whose talents as an actress and an authoress have been already so successfully tested in this country. She made her *début* as Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*; her impersonation of which was lively and witty, yet most lady-like; at the same time showing a perfect acquaintance with the character which Shakspeare has so admirably portrayed, her delivery throughout being marked with all the *puissance* it required. She was supported by Mr. Davenport, whose Benedick was equal to any we have had the pleasure of witnessing for some time past.

ROYAL COLOSSEUM AND CYCLORAMA.

Closed theatres cause full exhibitions; and while our nobility and gentry have passed their September on the moors, those remaining in town have found ample entertainment in visiting the above place, which is unquestionably the grandest exhibition of the kind in Europe. So complete and gorgeous are its attractions, and such the immensity of the scale on which they are offered, that connoisseurs make it their constant resort, always finding something new to contemplate in the rich variety that surrounds them. The panorama of Paris by Moonlight is alone worthy a visit once a month; but when we consider the addition of the Museum of Sculpture, the Conservatories, the Swiss Cottage, the Classical Ruins, the Cyclorama and Earthquake of Lisbon, and the Stalactite Caverns, the mind is filled with astonishment at the zeal, talent, and expenditure devoted to the concentration of so many beauties and wonders within one building, and at so moderate a charge for admittance. No encomiums can be undeserved by the proprietors, and no success exceed the claims of their high merits.

LITERARY MIRROR.

JOHN HOWARD AND THE PRISON-WORLD OF EUROPE. From Original and Authentic Documents. By Hepworth Dixon. London: Jackson and Walford, 1849.

This is a biography which may rank among the best which have for many years been produced. It combines the essential merits which are necessary to a "life." The intrinsic value and interest of the narrative are great; the subject is important; the facts laid before us and the adventures described are curious, and the whole is drawn from sources to which few can have access. So much for the materials. But we have more than once seen how the rich and curious elements of a biography can be divested of their interest by the absurd and poor manner of narration. The "Life-History of Mirabeau" was an example. The career of that man might have formed the subject of a noble work; but the literary foppery of the author deprived his book of popularity, and left the task of embalming the memory of Mirabeau for posterity yet to be accomplished by some other pen.

In the case, however, of this life of John Howard, the ability of the biographer is equal to the interest of the biography. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's talents as a writer, discrimination as a critic, and general merits as a literary man are at once established by this work. He has brought to his task immense labour, great research, much thought, and, as we have said, no ordinary ability. The result lies before us in a volume which for the entertainment it can afford, the information it can supply, the ideas it can suggest, and the pleasure it can impart, has seldom been equalled by others of its class. It describes the career of a great and good man, whose whole life was a sacrifice on the altar of Christian charity, who literally loved his neighbour better than himself, who performed the most admirable actions, who experienced the most extraordinary vicissitudes, visited the most curious scenes, suffered the severest fatigues, encountered adventures at once the most romantic and the most perilous; journeyed far, and passed his life amid unexampled excitement and change; and yet remained until death, humble, quiet, meek, and unambitious. He travelled into far distant countries, into the great cities of the world, not to admire mountains, rivers, lakes, and plains—not to delight his sight with the view of lovely valleys, green hills, wild forests, and those magnificent displays of nature and art which Europe can afford—not to visit churches, temples, palaces, museums, caverns, and other resorts of the curious, but to penetrate into dark and loathsome dungeons; to mingle with the outcasts of humanity; to converse with the wretched, the weak, the suffering, and the oppressed; to carry comfort into the dwellings of misery; to bear alleviation into the house of pain and want. It may be imagined, therefore, that the life of such a man would outstrip in novelty and interest the wildest imagination of fiction, interspersed as it is with brief episodes of domestic happiness, love, peace, and also sorrow, the deepest and most bitter. All this has Mr. Hepworth Dixon with rapidity and vigour narrated and described. His pen has, with the graphic power of an accomplished artist, sketched before us the picture of Howard's life, with all its various and diversified scenes. Now he paints him in his youth-time; now in his lodgings at Cardington, making love to his landlady, and marrying her; now in "a little Eden of his own creation," at Cardington, spending a few years of unmingled happiness with Henrietta Leeds; now in the dark dungeon, amid felons and debtors; now in the torture-room; now by the couch of sickness; now on the deck of a vessel in hot contest with a pirate; now in the lazaretto, amid disease and pestilence; now in the cities of the plague; now in one situation, now in another, in all the cities of the Continent, in all the prisons of England—wherever, in fact, his healing hand could bring relief to the sick, his purse to the distressed, his influence to the oppressed victims of cruelty. Lastly, we see him on his bed of death, and when, having thus accompanied him throughout the varied scenes of his career, we close the volume, it is with a feeling of gratitude to its able author for the pleasure he has afforded us. This is a work which will not vanish with the season in which it is produced. Small as it is, it will rank by Boswell's "Life of Johnson." It will be a standard book, being, as it is, such a biography of John Howard as the world has wanted—as the world could wish to have. It is a record which will be as enduring as the memory

of him whose life it narrates, and as such we recommend it to the reader. It must become popular—indeed, it has already attracted wide-spread attention; the press, not only of London, but of the provinces, has already with unfeigned sincerity expressed its admiration at the excellent manner in which Mr. Dixon has written the life of a man whose actions are examples of philanthropy, whose career was as extraordinary as his services to mankind were great.

One word as to the opinions expressed in the book. They are those of genuine liberality. Mr. Hepworth Dixon is a writer of distinguished capacity; he has soared above the petty prejudices which disfigure so many works of the present day, and presents himself to us in the character of a true politician, a sympathiser with all that is good and generous; an admirer of great actions, a detestor of tyranny, and a lover of freedom. This is a gratifying truth; it is an encouragement to the cause of reform, of liberty, and progress to discover that it has enrolled among its supporters a writer of such enlarged views and such brilliant abilities as Mr. Hepworth Dixon. His present work must be, has been, successful. We look with anxiety for his second, on the London Prisons, which, if it be at all equal in interest and talent to the present, must place its author on an eminence of literary fame attained by few in so brief a space of time.

FOUR YEARS IN THE PACIFIC, IN H.M.S. COLLINGWOOD. By the Hon. Fred. Walpole, R.N. Bentley, 1849.

Two very large volumes of travels, which might have been compressed with advantage into one. The author stands convicted of book-making, which is to be regretted, since he has diluted some very interesting matter into so great a quantity of commonplace that his reputation will suffer. He also introduces very needless, and sometimes very silly quotations, which only serve to swell the bulk, while not adding a tittle to the value or the amusement of the work. His style is also rather too discursive and diffuse—great faults now, since books are multiplying in number and increasing in size so rapidly that they confound us. We shall some day be startled by the announcement of a production on some very new subject as large as the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Somebody will publish "A Tour up the Rhine," in forty volumes, quarto, price eighty guineas; or, "An Excursion to the Lakes;" with "A Visit to John o'Groat's House," in monthly volumes, price five shillings, to be completed in twelve years, with an index.

We have not yet exhausted our challenges. Lieutenant Walpole, being rather fond of research, deems it proper to append the history of every place he touches at, which is wearisome in the last degree. He tells us who were the discoverers of every sea and strait he navigates, and how and when they were discovered; with the history of all the islands and empires whose shores he visited; with that of the towns, forts, and even valleys where his wandering footsteps led him. Thus much in dispraise. Let us now turn to the merits of the volumes.

Some exceedingly curious descriptions are given of the wild and little-known islands of the Pacific. It is in this our author shines, and it is for this that his book is valuable. It is full of information, and contains accounts of many regions and many tribes concerning which the memory of the general reader requires refreshment. Lieutenant Walpole is a good traveller; enters well into the relish of adventure; is exceedingly enterprising, and, moreover, very confidential. He describes, at the same time with the progress of the Collingwood across eighty-three thousand miles of ocean, and the progress of European civilisation in the Pacific, the progress of his own mind. He was once, as he hints to rather than tells us, a cake, and the various circumstances which lead to the growth of better ideas and better feelings within his heart are frankly described. This puts us on friendly terms with him, and makes us inclined to excuse many faults in the book, if these indeed were not sufficiently redeemed by its numerous excellences. "To you," he says—in his dedication to a "dear friend" of the passages in the early part of a life "now wholly yours"—"its better parts are their inspiration,—a higher tone of feeling and of hope being raised within me." With this we leave the book, well pleased with it, but sorry that some literary friend was not at our author's elbow to offer him judicious advice, which might have excluded much that is out of place in a work at once valuable, interesting, and by no means ill written.

ENGLISH MELODIES. By Charles Swain, Author of "The Mind," "Dramatic Chapters," &c. Longman. 1849.

We find in these poems many merits which singly might not call for particular commendation, but which collectively prove the high talent, and in many cases the genius of their author. The term *melody* is peculiarly applicable to them; there is a silvery sweetness in the words and the rhymes, a fanciful airiness in the tone, and much rich

poetry in the ideas. They are essentially *pleasing* verses. Mr. Charles Swain, whose former productions secured him a wide reputation, has here evinced his power of throwing a mantle of poetry over the most ordinary matters of every-day life; he invests commonplace with romance, and infuses into trifles an essence of beauty which chains the imagination as we read. There is nature in these melodies; there is a moral in most of them, but occasionally one contradicts another, although from the distinct manner of expression it is not difficult to discern which is the unfeigned enunciation of our author's real ideas. No observation is more frequently repeated than that poetry in the present day is distasteful to the public. But what is the reason of this? Because the public cannot appreciate good poetry? We think not, but because very little good poetry is published. Mr. Swain's melodies are worthy of perusal, and are therefore sought for, and so we imagine are most productions suited for popular readers which can lay claim to merit or originality. We may select a few of these brief poems to illustrate our observations that Mr. Swain, while he charms us by the melodious flow of his language, the fairy lightness of his verse, and the fanciful poetry of his ideas, seeks also to impress a truth upon the mind. We shall first quote three stanzas of admonition to those unhappy spirits which view nature with a jaundiced eye, and see on earth nothing but misery, misfortune, trouble, and vexation, when, in fact, these exist in, and spring from, their own comfortless minds. In this little poem the chief merit consists in the clever expression of an idea, in a peculiarly airy verse, and the true-to-nature portrait of a discontented person:—

" Ever complaining,	Shame on the nature	Sad that the summer
Nothing is right;	Thankless and vain;	Of life should be spent
Daylight is dreary,	Shame on the temper	In blighting the roses
Wearisome night;	Eager to pain!	For happiness sent;
Ever rejecting,	Hearts that in selfishness	Sad that affection
Quick to destroy	Only are cast,	So often should grieve
The little that's left	Darkening the present	Over natures that seem
For our life to enjoy!	With clouds of the past.	Only born to deceive."

To extract this as a general illustration of our remarks would be unjust to Mr. Swain, whose melodies rise in numerous instances many degrees higher, both in the power of the poetry and the charm of the ideas. We next quote one which cannot be read with indifference; it is full of pathos, and the sadness of the incident indicated seems to communicate itself to the verse:—

" They led me slowly to the room	And I looked on that faded flower
Where, in her virgin shroud,	Within that shrouded spot,
Pale as a flow'ret, whose sweet bloom	And deep remorse was in that hour;
The first rude storm hath bowed,	But, oh, <i>she</i> knew it not.
My lov'd, my lost, my Helen slept;	I thought how oft her heart was wrung,
Oh, hard is love's brief lot!	When mine was calm and chill;
I gazed upon her face, and wept,	And now my own was seared and stung,
But, oh, <i>she</i> saw me not.	And her poor heart <i>was still!</i>
I thought of many a past offence,	'Oh would,' I cried, 'the past could live,
Of many a vain delay,	That I might change thy lot!
Of coldness and indifference	Would I might kneel, and say "forgive!"
I'd shown her day by day;	But, oh, <i>she</i> heard it not."

Among the great variety of pieces, distinct in character, tone, and often in ability, one from another, it were difficult to select, could we notice them at length, extracts as specimens of each class of these melodies; in our confined limits, therefore, it is impossible to do this. Our readers have many of them, doubtless, read the volume itself, and those who have not will, in all likelihood, seek to enjoy that pleasure. We may, however, contrive briefly to glance at a few of them, and, choosing a few choice gems of poetry, hold them up to our readers' admiration, as we hold up costly jewels to the light, that their brilliance may display itself. One of Mr. Swain's most striking powers is that of expressing much in a few words. The rebuke to those who refuse to enjoy the happiness which is the fruit of affection because a blight may come on it, is an instance:—

"Hath the world so much perfection?	Better that the heart should sorrow
Find ye friends as soon as sought,	Over friendship to the end,
That ye cast away affection	Than that we should live a morrow,
As it were a thing of nought?	E'en an hour, without a friend."

One, however, of the most exquisite of these melodies is the following, which teems

with pathos, and is redolent of poetry. It is addressed to a *flirt*, or a *jilt*, whichever term the reader admires most:—

"Thou lov'st me not—I should have known
The star of heaven might yield its light,
And I no more approach its throne
Than thee, sweet star of my fond sight!
Yet once—ah! once—thy words believed,
Made slight the difference 'twixt our lot,
But now, oh, hope! oh, heart!—deceived!
Thou lov'st me not!

Thou lov'st me not—yet was it worth
The thousand smiles thou gav'st so sweet,
To warm love's first fond flower to birth,
Then cast it, dying, at thy feet?
Yet, dying, shall it thine remain,
'Till life, bloom, fragrance be forgot,
And thou shalt mourn, when tears are vain.
Thou lov'st me not!"

We might indefinitely multiply such passages, and apply to them terms of praise as high. "The Unattainable," which commences—

"Oh, the stars which glow not,
Save in fancy's heaven;
Oh, the flowers which bloom not,
Save in dream-land given"—

is full of poetical fancies; and there is philosophy in the exhortation to hope:—

"Better hope, and fall
From its service weary,
Than not hope at all
In a world uncheery;
Better still, though griev'd,
Hope and die deceiv'd.
Hopeless life is dreary.

The light of love can warm not,
Till found some kindred shrine,
And then it springs immortal,
And shows itself divine;
Thus, thus throughout creation,
The links of life had birth.
Ye speak of independence!
There is no such thing on earth."

The *independence* alluded to does not, and should not, exist on earth. To be independent in this sense is to be a moral hermit, who finds all the springs of pleasure within his own heart, and can imagine no happiness in being linked to others who, it should be remembered, share alike sorrows and joys, monopolising neither.

Nearly two hundred of these sweet melodies are contained in the present volume, and although to some of them we may object that they are trivial in character, and poor in comparison with the rest, we may also say that seldom in such a number of small poems have we met with so few that we could not again and again peruse with pleasure and delight. Sad and joyous, serious and fanciful, laughingly light and sombre, they are, nearly all of them, full of poetry; we read them with untiring delight. Most poets, however, while laying the homage of their minds at the feet of virtue, beauty, and the gentler feelings of the heart, must dedicate a grandiloquent rhapsody to royalty; accordingly we find Mr. Swain passing from the sweet melodies in which he so excels to bluster out—

"Bid your loyalty be seen:
Let your vollied broadsides proudly,
And your voices ringing loudly,
Swell the triumph of your queen.

Swell forth a people's praise afar,
She's crown'd—the acclaiming cannon tells.
The queen!—God save the queen!—
Hurrah!

Hurrah is made to rhyme with *afar*, which indicates that Mr. Swain's ideas became entangled in some confusion whilst showering on the queen this adulation, so fulsome as it is, which she, as a sensible woman, must repudiate.

SOYER'S MODERN HOUSEWIFE. Simpkin and Marshall.

Here is a book that placed upon the tomb of Mrs. Glasse would bring her to life again. The name of its author is world-famous, and would alone carry the volume into every family; but had it come nameless before the public it would not have remained noteless, for its contents are of such value that we do not speak hyperbolically in classing it as a boon to the human race.

It is well known that the culinary art establishes the leading distinction between man and brute. The class *homo* is a cooking animal; whereas all the other members of animated nature devour their food without artificial preparation. Fire is the great agent of the cook, and as no bird, beast, or fish has the means of procuring that element, they will never be able to remove the distinction. Hence when a man cooks his dinner he asserts his superiority in the scale of creation, and he who most excels in the art is amongst the most deserving of our admiration and gratitude. Confessedly by all, M. Soyer stands on the pinnacle of fame in this respect. He is the *arbiter elegantiarum* on all table subjects, and has pierced the innermost *penetrabilia* of every mystery on the subject of diet and its preparation. He is Sir Oracle; and when he speaks, let all men be dumb.

There are numberless persons who "never can get an appetite." To these we particularly recommend the volume. It is impossible to open it without receiving an edge to the gastronomic propensities. Such visions of soups and stews, and delicious viands of every description swim before the mental eye that the stomach rebels instinctively, and re-enacts the fable of *Æsop* by demanding a substantial participation of savoury and luscious edibles on which the mind is feeding. We solemnly vow that our butcher's bill has been this week doubled by the necessity we were under of perusing the list of piquant provocatives arrayed by M. Soyer in his treatise. The poulterer has more than once touched his hat to us in passing, as a token of gratitude for our increased patronage; the same has been done by the fishmonger; whilst the pastry-cook has actually sent a large paper of confectionery, with his compliments, to the children. The wife of our bosom declared that "this would never do." We lent her the book, and that very day discovered that she was "longing" for a dinner off *Woodcocks à la Lucullus*.

The manual is written in a way that cookery-book was never before penned. It is full of instruction and capital advice; abounds with anecdote; is replete with fine feeling and moral counsel, and, to sum up its merits, will prove as useful to the poor man, whose greatest luxury is a beefsteak, as it is to the titled epicure who cannot partake or relish the daintiest dish without incentives, which Soyer alone knows how to prepare. He tells us how to make an Irish stew, and how to prepare bacon and cabbage; and then tells Alderman Butterfirkin and Lord Gustavus how to regale over a venison party or a stewed turtle. He leaves no class of people unprovided for. There is the rich man's dinner and the poor man's also. Dinners for servants, dinners for children, dinners for convalescents, and dinners for invalids. He teaches us how to prepare toast and coffee for breakfast, and what to have for early luncheons. From the plain dinner he proceeds to the banquet; and one admirable feature is, that in teaching the reader how to prepare an edible with all the appendages of sauce, seasoning, gravies, and other improvements, he shows how it may likewise be cooked in a plain, inexpensive manner, and how persons of moderate means may thus enjoy the dainties of the affluent at a great diminution of expense. Lucullus and Anacreon would have offered a hetacomb of bulls to the gods in return for such a volume, and the Helots of Sparta demanded a year's jubilee to commemorate its publication.

If there be a fault to be found with the work it is in the didactic department. It should have undergone the supervision of an experienced literary man ere it went to press. It abounds in pleonasm; is occasionally verbose, and is not without grammatical errors. Apart from these defects, it deserves to find its way into every private house and hotel in the kingdom. It might be profitably consulted in our hospitals, workhouses, and prisons; and will assuredly be most valuable in the poorest cottage. It is unnecessary to specify the contents, as they are multifarious, and supply recipes for every variety of eatable, from an English toad-in-a-hole to a regal bubble-and-squeak and a *cotolette saute*. The lessons on housekeeping and housewifery are invaluable, and the maxims for promoting marital happiness and domestic cheerfulness of the most excellent description. The letters to his wife abound with affection and manly sentiment, whilst the veins of wit and humour which diversify them are of the richest description. The work also contains many excellent hints on the culinary departments of public institutions, and furnishes every elementary information required on the subject of roasting, baking, boiling, stewing, braising, frying, sauteing, and broiling. The instructions respecting sauces make the mouth water during perusal, and the recipes for soups make us close the book in a delirium of anticipatory delight.